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American and Original.

The Knickerbocker Magazine,

F o r 1 8 5 7.

THE Forty-ninth Volume of THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE will commence with the number of January, 1857; and it is the intention of the Publisher to make great additions to the literary merits of the work.

We take it for granted there are but few magazine-readers in the country who are not familiar with the authors of ST. LEGER, and the SPARROW-GRASS, both old contributors to THE KNICKERBOCKER. We are pleased to be able to announce that they will both write for our Magazine the coming year. MR. COZZENS will contribute a new and really original Story, which will appear in every number; and MR. KIMBALL will furnish a Sketch or a Story as often as his other duties will permit.

We have now two contributors not excelled by any writers in the country, namely, REV. F. W. SHELTON and CHARLES G. LELAND. The first, known as our "Up-River Correspondent," has written a series of Letters, a part of which have been issued and extensively sold in a beautiful illustrated volume, and the latter is now writing a series of OBSERVATIONS OF MACE SLOPER, which delight all who read them. These will be continued regularly; and MR. SHELTON will give a Sketch or a Letter each month.

We have also several highly-accomplished Lady Contributors, whose favors will grace our pages regularly, and whose names we would be glad to publish, if we were permitted to do so.

With these and other regular Contributors, and the TABLE of MR. CLARK, whose long experience has made him *au fait* in his department, we shall be able to present a monthly literary treat so varied that no refined taste can fail to be gratified. We will only add a few of the kind words which have been said of THE KNICKERBOCKER, and ask to be judged on our merits after a fair trial.

"But there is a quiet body, in the plainest of plain blue covers, that comes to us as certain as the moon, unadorned with wreath or posy; not an 'embellishment' to bless itself with; not a fashion-plate or a leaf from *Punch*, or a pattern for a gusset or a *robe de nuit*; the good old-fashioned KNICKERBOCKER, the ancestor, the veritable Nestor, of American monthlies. But there is no treble in its utterances yet; the fabric for 'the lean and slippered pantaloon' has not been woven and fashioned for it; its hose are well filled out; its knee-buckles are not unloosed; its meerschauim is not discarded; it was baptized in the Fountain of Youth."—*Daily Journal, Chicago, Ill.*

"KNICK" is a great favorite of ours; he never bores us with a long story, or leads into a labyrinth of plot and narrative out of which there seems no way of escape—as he dashes us into his articles at a full gallop, and brings us at a most comfortable and free-and-easy trot. KNICK's accomplishments are various—he is a wit, a humorist, a poet, a novelist, a romancer, a sentimentalist, an essayist, and we know not what else. May his shadow never grow less."—*Democrat, Kingston, C. W.*

"KNICKERBOCKER has come, and so has jubilee. The price of Brandreth's pills has gone down fifty per cent since then, for it has no more fellowship with dyspepsia than pussy-cat and a wet floor. If it don't take ague-cakes out of your side, try Sloan's Ointment or a box of percussion-caps."—*Courier, Prairie du Chien, Wis.*

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monthlies, we think the KNICKERBOCKER the liveliest of them all. It has more companionableness, more su-generis-ness, more wittiness, more reflectiveness, more mirth-provokativeness, than any other American magazine."—*Ind. Dem., Concord, N. H.*

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"Our pet magazine is certainly a perennial, for it is ever blooming and fresh." It numbers among its contributors some of the most able and graceful writers in the country. We never yet saw a number of it that was not worth four times its price, and we feel certain that it must have more true and hearty friends than most of its cotemporaries. We read it regularly, from beginning to end—scarcely ever meeting with a dull article—and we finish with a delicious dessert in the way of Clarkiana, or Table Gossip—a rare treat at any time. We wonder that it is not found in every body's possession."—*N. Y. Mirror.*

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THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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MAY, 1857.

No. 5.

Schediasms.

BY PAUL SIOGVOLK.

MUSINGS OF A CITY RAIL-ROAD CONDUCTOR.

PART SEVENTEEN.

WE have a Lord High Chancellor upon our line. 'A what?' quoth Pembroke. A Lord Chancellor — a keeper of our consciences: not indeed a live man sitting upon a wool-sack, and buried in horse-hair. That would be rather expensive for a corporation with a capital of two hundred thousand dollars, and assets of twenty-five thousand dollars! We never could pay a four-per-cent dividend, although we do carry sixty living passengers in a space adapted to only thirty, (beside paying coroner's fees for inquests upon the bodies of those who 'shuffle off' the 'coil' from suffocation and tainted air,) if we had a live Lord Chancellor at a salary of ten thousand pounds per annum. Our conscience-keeper neither eats, drinks, or wears clothing, and has no expensive 'small vices.' The directors and managers of our line, I am ashamed to say it, have found such inequalities in the cash receipts and returns of the fraternity of conductors, they have gone all the way to Paris for a Yankee invention to keep us in check. This curious device is meant to typify honesty, I suppose, as having but one hand, and so must be 'even-handed,' and that one hand is always pointing at its own face. For our conscience-keeper has a face like a time-keeper, and having but one hand, is not exposed to the temptation of double or cross-purposes. As you enter the car you see hung up, about the middle of the top border of the inside of the car, a clock-face, and as you fancy you are spelling out the time of day, (may be you have an appointment, and are nervous on the subject of clocks at the moment,) to your astonishment, it strikes *one*. This makes you look at your own watch, and you pshaw! at such a falsehood, when another

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passenger enters, and the clock strikes *one* again. This makes you look up and re-consider, and upon closer inspection you perceive a dial with numbers from one to fifty on the outer margin, and a single hand that moves upon an axle in the centre of the dial, like the minute-hand of a clock, from dot to dot between the figures, until it completes the circumference of the dial, and as it moves each time its bell strikes. As often as a passenger enters the car, this hand moves over one space, and a bell strikes one : thus denoting how many passengers enter from the setting out of the car until it reaches the end of its route. At each terminus of the road, a book-keeper steps into the car, unlocks our conscience-keeper, takes a note of its tally, sets the hand back to zero, and the faithful creature is ready for its task again. We conductors are responsible for as many half-dimes as the bell has struck and the hand indicates. It is set up in a conspicuous place, and the conductor can't, if he would, avoid its gaze. If he has a capacious boot, and a hole in his pocket, whence five-cent pieces are prone to drop through, they do him no service any longer. He must fish them up at the end of the route to answer to the numbers on the dial. 'But,' says Pembroke to me, 'who keeps the tally and strikes the bell?' Not the passenger, for then that irresponsible personage might, for his own amusement, or through carelessness, saddle us with a debt we do not owe. 'What, then, holds the universal solvent? Who keeps the keeper?' Why, my jejune friend, the conductor keeps the tally and pulls the bell as each passenger enters. 'A marvellous invention, truly: set a thief to catch a thief. The conductor watches himself! Quite a miracle of ingenuity, and almost equal to the worthy expedients of that wight who discovered a short method of making shoes *videlicet* cutting off the tops of ready-made boots.' 'You think so. Ah! you little know the human heart the conductor carries. There is his conscience-keeper ever before his eyes. If he fails to pull the bell when he ought, its mute face, dumb and uncomplaining to the ear, looks so reproachfully at him, and its thin, warning finger points so remorselessly, as if in derision, to the number he knows is false; and with such a mutual consciousness that it is false, does he see it point as if in mockery, that, poor fellow, he cannot stand it, and to ease his conscience, he pulls the bell, and is himself again.

Holly Hops told me how it affected him. He despised the machine. How on his first trip with a conscience-keeper he was just beginning to coin a white lie. He omitted one stroke of the bell; he thought it mighty easy to forget just one passenger; several had gotten into the car at the same moment, and he had counted accurately so as purposely to omit one, and so at least not to make too many. He thought he could soon forget that he had not struck the bell as many times as he should. But his memory served him better than it ever did before. He could not forget it; every time he pulled once he felt an unseen hand twitching at his sleeve, as if jogging him for forgetfulness, and reminding him to pull again. Every time he looked at that pale face upon the side-wall of the car, and saw the skeleton finger pointing to a lie, he felt as if it menaced him, and the rigid little pointer seemed to him bristling in anger at his treachery. Every passenger into whose face he looked

seemed to eye him with savage and contemptuous distrust, or with a disparaging pity that was worse. Sometimes he would feel his face burning, and a confused consciousness of his faithlessness came over him, and he felt as if he stood confessed a self-convicted, guilty thing, and every man, woman, and child in the car knew of it. Fighting this down, his ears tingled, and he thought some body had pinched them, and turning sharply round upon his imaginary adversary, he encountered several pairs of eyes staring rudely into his face with a very 'detective' look, as much as to say: 'We see how it is.' This made him turn as suddenly back again, and keep his eyes bent more upon the ground; but as he moved his head away, sounds caught his ear of half-smothered hisses and suppressed mutterings. He was afraid to turn again, and so made an effort to keep his attention closely upon his business, and see and hear nothing else. All would not do: these sounds and sights multiplied upon every hand: the very atmosphere seemed to grow conscious that a thief was in the midst: a cold shiver shuddered through his frame, and he began to feel a sickening faintness come over him. The effort was too much for human nature to bear. Murder would out. So he grasped the string convulsively, and pulled the bell. No passenger had recently got in. The movement attracted the notice of several, who started as if a pistol had exploded in their car. They looked inquiringly at poor Holly Hopps. But he felt better now, and returned their gaze quite impudently and impenetrably. 'So I got out of that scrape,' said Hopps. '*Sic me servavit Apollo*,' said Pembroke. 'But I never tried it again,' said Hopps.

From the experience of poor Hopps, one may see 'how it works.' Whether the passenger see or note the peccadillo of the delinquent conductor or not, still the delinquent conductor fears he does. 'Suspicion haunts the guilty mind,' says the 'copy-book.' Every man who speaks to him he fears may be an accuser; every eye turned upon him he fancies has detected him; every whisper he hears he conjectures carries some allusion to his knavery. He knows not how many spies, under pay of the company, may be at any moment riding in his car. He knows not how many passengers have nothing better to do than to watch if he be faithful, and to report him if he be not. So you may be sure it operates as a marvellous check upon petty thieving. Holly Hopps says: 'There be no doubt many honest men on the line; yet it pays the company well to watch them.'

Now don't let me leave any impression that rail-road conductors are worse than any other class of men. They are not. Their life is a hard one, and their pay is small. They are often men of very great necessities, and where this is the case, and the facilities for pilfering small sums of money (which are so constantly handled) are as great as with this fraternity, very many, in a thousand other walks of life, yield to the temptation and are never detected. Servants, clerks, and agents, both of individuals and corporations, must confess, how almost universal is the habit of appropriating trifles as perquisites of the situation. But with us it is all money. And although to appropriate money's worth of considerable value is considered by some a venial offence, yet to take

money, be it ever so trivial an amount, deserves, in the estimate of all mankind, ignominious punishment. Still it is better as it is, and I am heartily glad the *temptation* is overcome by my frail brethren more easily through the guardianship of fear, and so I say with all my heart :
 ' God speed to the success of our CONSCIENCE-KEEPER ! '

TO A DEAR CHILD IN HEAVEN.

DEDICATED TO MR. AND MRS. J. W. CONE, NORFOLK, (CONN.,) ON THE OCCASION OF THE DEATH OF
 THEIR SON, AGED FIVE YEARS.

I.

O DEATH and the grave — *thou* hast passed through their portals,
 Thou hast trod the dark valley which we must soon tread :
 Henceforward *thy* home is the land of immortals,
 While *we* grope our way 'mid the dying and dead !
 From the cold sods that rest on thy tenantless bosom,
 The rank grass will grow and the wild-flowers will blossom :
 The mosses will creep o'er thy dwelling of clay,
 While the nations and ages are passing away :
 But thy *spirit* lives on, freed from sickness and pain,
 And hereafter we 'll clasp thee, our darling, again !

II.

No more will thine eye add its light to the morning,
 Thy musical voice will delight us no more :
 We *knew* thou wert mortal, but heard not the warning
 That told us *so soon* would thy journey be o'er.
 The rooms that once echoed thy laughter and glee,
 And the scenes thou didst love, all remind us of thee :
 Thy garments and play-things — what thoughts they recall !
 How mournfully silent the kitchen and hall !
 We wait for thy foot-steps, we list for thy song,
 And thy sister has watched for thy coming so long !

III.

Dear child, fare thee well ! though assured we shall meet thee,
 When the close of our own brief probation shall come,
 We must mourn for our loss till permitted to greet thee
 In the realm thou hast reached, in our dear SAVIOUR'S home !
 Though we joy that from anguish and sin thou art free.
 Our path-way is lonely and sad without thee ;
 Though we know that thine eye with strange rapture is beaming,
 We miss thee when waking, we miss thee when dreaming :
 We miss thee at morn, and we mourn thee at even :
 Dost *thou* think of *us* from thy new home in Heaven ?

Litchfield, (Conn.,) Feb. 20, 1857.

P. K. KILBOURNE.

A M Y S T I C D R E A M .

I SAT upon a western slope,
Whose green declining ran to kiss the sea :
My soul was full of pensive hope,
My heart as full of love as heart could be,
While something whispered that 'my love loved me.'

Above the sea the pendent sun
Hung large, and tinted with suspicious red,
And seemed, like me, to wait for one,
With whom the evening slope of life to tread,
More brightly and more joyous toward the dead.

There hung the sun, and here my heart,
In equal, strange, and beautiful suspense :
Each grieved to stay or to depart,
And both seemed 'wildered by their thoughts intense :
My dream was love, and his magnificence.

Upon a golden sea of light
Reposed the sun ; but on a brighter sea
Of love, which ne'er had seen a night,
My heart, from every shade of sorrow free,
Lay basking in its joys most sunnily.

The moon came up, the moon went down,
And grew more pallid when she passed the sun,
Who stood there with his golden crown,
And seemed to question her and every one,
Of love, and how its magic wand is won.

So bright and terrible, he seemed
A fascination throned upon the west,
To read my soul while thus it dreamed ;
Nor sigh, nor thought, nor wish, could be repressed,
While still that fiery eye did search my breast.

Then love itself a burden grew,
Who longs for moonlight and the misty hours,
And waits for stars and falling dew ;
But yet the sun hung o'er the western towers,
Still gazed at me upon the slope of flowers.

I prayed for clouds and prayed for night ;
But clouds nor night could veil that burning eye,
That maddened me with flashing light,
Yet gazing at me from the western sky,
'And will look till I curse thee or I die !'

My voice seemed thunder in the still
And hollow evening, echoing o'er the sea,
And, returning, pierced me with a thrill
Of terror, while the sun fled swift from me,
And snatched the color from each flower and tree.

Then darkness swept adown the slope,
And whelmed both love and sun within the deep ;
Down with the sun and love sunk hope,
While life became a drear and heavy sleep,
Through which I wept in dreams, and dreamed to weep.

New-York, Dec., 1856.

C. D. HELMER.

A D R E A M O F V E N I C E .

BY A. GREYLOCK, ESQ.

'A THOUSAND years their cloudy wings expand
 Around me; and a dying glory smiles
 O'er the far times when many a subject land
 Looked to the wingéd lion's marble piles
 Where Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred isles.'

CHILDE HAROLD.

CHANGE, sad change, is the watchword of the proud 'Queen of the Adriatic.'

No longer discharge numberless vessels their rich freights in vast warehouses — the depots for the world; no more ride its proud warships forth to victory and spoil. The Beaucentor is only now in history; its palaces and churches crumble by the side of the wave which once bore gayly its gay gondolas. From the standards by St. Mark's, where once streamed proudly the gonfalon of the Republic, now floats the emblem of hated Austria; and the gondolier's song has died away with the decadence of its power.

The queen which once was 'throned on her hundred isles,' lives in the past. The present shows only memories and phantasies of its by-gone pride and glory.

Yet much there is, save retrospect, here to interest. The mild sea-breeze still steals in as balmily as when it gladdened doge and noble: still flows the water by the Rialto, forming the most wondrous course in the world; the thoughts of great artist-minds yet decorate its palaces and churches; and ever the wanderer finds his most delicious 'dolce far niente' in the hearse-like gondolas, gliding like dark ghosts to midnight sabbat.

'Times and seasons' are appointed for all things by the DIRECTOR of all things; those of renown have passed for Venice, and now she ranks with Thebes, Athens, and Rome.

Would we wish it otherwise? Could we ask for a return of her glory? Shall we not, unrepining, unwishing, accept this as a golden milestone of progress, of that progress which the world ever makes with such giant strides; and with a full remembrance of her past, and a full enjoyment of her present, exclaim — Amen!

But wondrous are the visions and memories which flood about these 'enchanted isles;' holy the thoughts which inspire one; lasting must be their recollections. The wonderful lamp of the eastern tale produced not equal phantasies to those evoked by reveries here.

Gone are the former glories and pride of 'Venezia la dominante;' gone her power; forever blotted out is her name among nations. Yet there exists an empire which may never be subdued; one still dominant here, and exercising the most absolute sway over all dwelling within these precincts — the Empire of Imagination.

At its order, hark! the peal of the great bell of St. Mark's. List as

it swells over lagoon and sea, calling forms from cloudland. Close your eyes, press tightly down the lids; deafen your ears; strive to become oblivious; but all to no avail, the spell is upon you!

Write, write, O Handmaid of the Soul! those things which now appear!

'I see clouds gather in the north, gloomy, sad, fearful they seem; they menace the world. See, through a rift in the thunder-storm, a form appears, it is the 'Scourge of God,' known feebly in history as Attila.

'Lo! the dark, wild, iron-clad warriors of the north, rush on tumultuously, following their fearful leader.

'The bolt falls! crushing, blotting out the beauties of refined Italy. Her sons cut down in defence of their homes and altars; her daughters delivered to the spoiler.

'But, from the storm, seeking refuge even within the power of man's enemy, the ocean, see the few flee from the devastation. A far from the land so ruined behold the few humble roofs rising upon wet, inhospitable reefs.

'The storm has passed; again peace reigns; another seed has been dropped in this remote corner.

'Years have passed: again rolls away the mist. I see a small city, gathered as from the sea; the faces within it are, in feature, like the pale fugitives of my past vision.

'Tis so! Descendants of former conquered and fugitive ones have become a nation and a people. Look, yonder are their sails; honest and worthy, they wring from the cold hands of Neptune their sustenance. Cradled on the sea, separated from the world, they know only the waters, and the waters grant them life and the means of life.

'That seed driven hither in past years, has taken root; a thrifty sapling has arisen from the harsh and scanty soil of these barren reefs. In the shade of its young branches rejoice the descendants of the banished ones of former years.

'Ah! what pierces and glistens through the vapors! I see—I see tall towers, minarets, domes; I see many masts. Now breaks away the veil and discovered to me is a wondrous city, like a mirage, rising from the sea, from its very bosom. Marvellously beautiful is it. Palaces, towers, churches seem thickly grouped.

'Marbles! rare architecture! weird beauty! No, 'tis unreal. Still to my eyes presents that spectacle. It is real! What do I behold?

'From the waves, like a new Venus, springs the gorgeous phantasy.

'No sound of wheels, no sound of earth. Its streets are still—in the sea. Above shine the bright stars; below are the spangled vaults receding under many barges.

'See, yonder come proud war-galleys, enriched with the spoils of conquered nations. Hark! to their chaunt of victory! I see fleets of ships bearing the produce and tribute of all climes! Many ambassadors approach, suing for peace or alliance.

' *Venezia la dominante* is the hymn which peals forth from that procession of rich proud barges floating gayly down through the centre of this wondrous city.

' This is the giant tree of that frail seed, for years gaining strength and size, even from these barren islands. The birds of the air perch in its branches ; its shade extends over the world.

' A majestic city. Its palaces are filled with nobles ; crowded are its warehouses with riches from all lands ; incense floats up from thousands of altars in praise to their God for success ; its wish is law with the nations ; her senators are princes ; her rulers, kings.

' Darkness surrounds me ; thick, rayless, fearful. I grope in void. No sound breaks on my ear ; no light on my eyes, only a melancholy flash, as of Styx upon the shores of Hades.

' I stumble over heaps of palaces and rich ornaments. I wonder and falter in despair.

' A wail, as of a soul in misery, steals through space. Listen ! No, the roar of eager, successful nations drowns all ; the discord of jarring factions drowns that sad sound.

' Hark ! again that mournful, wild note. Now it swells out more loudly, echoed back from ruin and distance, and I hear it plainly.

' Like to a soul wandering in chaos, groans forth and glooms a direful, doleful strain, and dies away. Again it moans out through the darkness, and then all again is still, save the last faint echo of the words, VENEZIA, VENEZIA !

B A C C H A N A L.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ANTIGONE OF SOPHOCLES.

MANY-NAMED Delight of SEMELE,
O JOVE-born, thunder-child !
Who wardest o'er illustrious Italy,
And lord and king art styled,
In Eleusinian CERES' thronging vale ;
O BACCHUS ! habiting
In mother-city of the Bacchanal,
Near stream of murmuring
Ismenus, and the harvest sheafed in mail ;
Whom the columned smoke upon the
mountain
Manifests to view,
Where mad nymphs wander, and Casta-
lia's fountain
Droppeth gentle dew :
Whom the hills of Nysar, ivy-twined,
And green banks, grape-abounding,
Send a-down, while borne upon the wind
The hallowed hymn is sounding
To the Theban city's keeper kind ;

Yale College, Feb. 15th, 1856.

Honoring with her
Thy stricken mother,
City mightier
Than any other ;
Now, when ill is looming
O'er the city,
O'er strait or mountain coming,
Chant thy ditty.
Evoe ! to the Guider
Of starry fires,
Lo ! to the Presider
O'er nightly choirs.
Child of JOVE, appear
To Naxian maiden,
And, wandering far and near,
The Thule, laden
With thy tender madness,
Heard to sing
The night-long, in her gladness,
BACCHUS, king !

THE PRAYER OF DEATH.

I AM all alone, sighed a weary one,
 Whose course of sorrow was nearly done :
 A pilgrim lone, in a stranger land,
 And my brow is bathed by a stranger hand !
 Come back, oh ! back to me, treasured years,
 Bedimmed and shrouded in many tears :
 Come back, oh ! back to me, buried hours,
 Like fragrance shed from long-withered flowers :
 Each pleasant word, and each loving tone,
 Of those long gone — I am all alone !
 Come back, O rapturous joys ! and wild,
 Of a happy home, when a gladsome child ;
 Let the love-spring once be again restored,
 With the kindred ones round the festive board ;
 And the voices of pleasure and joy be heard,
 Till the chord long stilled in my heart be stirred.

A warm hand rests on my throbbing brow :
 Art better, fair dreamer, art better now ?
 Oh ! sweet is the spell of that gentle tone,
 Long years come back, I am not alone ;
 Each tender glance, and each loving smile,
 Of dear ones gone but a little while :
 Loved voices speak in each low, sweet word,
 Long silent melodies are stirred.
 The joys come back of the buried hours,
 Like bloom returned to faded flowers.

Each floweret that opens its petals fair,
 To bask all day in the sun-lit air,
 Hath a pleasant voice for the gladsome heart,
 And a song of love ere its bloom depart.
 The myriad gems on the breast of Night,
 Chant ever a chorus of wild delight :
 The laughing wind and the leaping wave,
 Tell a tale of joy to the young and brave.
 But the flowerets come in their bright array,
 And their matchless beauty, to pass away :
 The stars serene calm vigils keep,
 Are dimmed and gone to the eyes that weep :
 But a kindly word to fainting hearts,
 Is a joy that lives when all else departs.
 As melody born in the ocean waves,
 Wakes an endless song in its coral caves :
 As falling dew to the thirsting earth,
 Bathe the bursting buds in a brighter birth :
 As melting rays of a vernal sun,
 Were the stranger's words to the weary one.

It was mid-night deep : o'er the sleeper's brow
 An angel braided a wreath of snow :
 Touched with gentle hand the throbbing breast,
 And lulled its longings into rest :
 Oped the strange portal to joys unknown,
 And the wanderer is no more alone :
 Kissed the pale lips with ice-cold breath,
 And the watchers called it the Angel DEATH.

ELEANOR MANTON: OR LIFE-PICTURES.

CHAPTER FIFTEENTH.

MARRYING OFF.

Two girls to marry off! This is indeed quite a consideration in a family, for not only must they be married, but married to suit their friends, married in their own rank in society, married well, in the opinion of the world, and married to suit themselves. Society exacts many penalties for the privileges and protection it grants, and one is often tempted to doubt whether civilization is in reality a blessing, and modern society of any advantage in promoting the happiness of individuals. In the days of primitive customs, and simplicity of manners, people had only to think of what was right and agreeable to themselves; but nowadays what is conventional, and what people are going to think and say, supersedes what is right or what is for one's happiness. Girls who are trained in establishments, must be sought only by those who can afford to surround them with the same luxuries; 'for,' says the young man to himself, 'I cannot afford to support her as she has been accustomed to live, and I am too proud to confess my inability to do this;' so he stifles his love and returns to his solitary lodgings. Those who are rich, and also trained in establishments, are debased and effeminate. Among conventionalists there is little opportunity for an acquaintance that can afford a knowledge of character upon which any reasonable hope can be founded of permanent happiness. So fancies are taken for love, and marriages are formed between those whom a mutual development of character would have shown entirely unfit for each other.

'Long engagements are not well,' says one, 'they are seldom consummated,' without considering that it is better to get tired of each other before the indissoluble knot is tied, than afterward. 'They have broken an engagement,' is almost as disgraceful as 'they have become divorced;' when, by thus protracting the season of probation, they had not made it impossible to free themselves from the manacles of a galling life-yoke.

'It would be better,' said an old lady, who had learned by an experience which entitled her opinion to some regard; 'it would be better that an engagement should last a series of years, with unrestrained communion.' Those who have thus become acquainted, might be able to judge whether life could be passed, at least comfortably, together; and if concluding it cannot, they separate amicably, there should be no disgrace or censure.

But the courage was never given me to defy conventionalities, or institute reforms; and though the happiness of those confided to my care depended upon it, I should not advise them to violate the 'rules of society.' I was careful that they should be chaperoned and matronized

in every way that custom demanded. And they were duly enjoined to receive no attentions that would compromise their position or their dignity, and never to fall in love till sought in the proper and conventional way. Yet Mary was always shocking every body, by declaring, in her playful manner, that she intended to accept the first good opportunity ; that she had no idea of single blessedness, and no idea of denying what every body knew was the truth.

Madeline, the quiet Madeline, never talked on the subject. Any one who knew her not intimately, would not have imagined how much 'the lot of woman' occupied her thoughts. The fear of being left alone in the world, almost haunted her. In her deportment she was considered proper even to prudery. No thoughtless remark ever escaped her ; no indiscretion subjected her to criticism ; none of the ordinary arts of coquetry were ever resorted to by her to gain admiration or attention ; yet to gain it was her unceasing study. Never to have had an offer, would have converted her into an incurable hypocondriac. She was very much inclined to accept the first who sought her hand, and the second and the third, though each was very unworthy of her. But though advised, she was left free to do as she thought would best promote her happiness, and being thrown entirely upon her own responsibility, became cautious and afraid, when a little opposition would have developed her bump of firmness, and produced an immediate decision, even if convinced it was against her interest. Her father would say that 'a man who was rich, and in good standing, should not be rejected for idle whims ; they might not do better by waiting.' He certainly did not wish to get rid of them ; yet to see them 'well settled,' seemed to him a matter of the greatest importance. 'Well settled' of course meant 'comfortably off' as to this world's goods, and kindly treated in matters of personal interest. It was surprising how little he thought their hearts needed to be concerned in the subject. He seemed to think they were safe if they were married, and it was so necessary girls should have a home and a protector. Alas ! he had not seen how little security to woman is a home or a husband if her heart is not with them. But in Aunt Ida's phraseology, 'it was no use talking,' while I felt how difficult the task of securing their happiness, while they should also be 'well settled.'

At length I discovered that Madeline had allowed herself to 'fall in love' with one who had never professed any love for her, and allowed herself to continue to love one who had scarcely spoken to her twice. It was not a flattering consequence of my training, and but little compliment to the power and importance of conventionalism. How it is possible for a fancy to deepen into love and become thus rooted, without reciprocity or even encouragement, I cannot understand, whether it originate in the bosom of man or woman ; but as it is a common occurrence, it cannot be doubted, and develops in hearts so pure that it is deserving of respect.

I was distressed by the anxiety and restlessness which I saw in one who scarcely ever before had manifested impatience or emotion. He who was the object of so much interest, walked up and down the street, unconscious of the honor, or rather of the dishonor, as he would probably

have termed it, of possessing the unsought affections of a young lady ; and I began to study how I should manage in order to turn the scale in her favor. It is easy to practise almost any kind of deception upon honest-minded young men, though we must confess to the opinion that there are few who belong to this class, according to the meaning in which we use the term. Vanity is more universally the foible of men than of women ; but they are not so suspicious ; they are not looking for plots, because they are not so given to plotting. Open warfare is their privilege, and the great objects they have to gain in life, allow them to go straight forward and fight manfully every species of combat. But it is a proverb among women that men prefer those who are artful and skilful at manœuvring ; that men can never be won or retained by frankness and honesty ; or, in the usual vulgar phraseology, ‘ there is no other way of living in any kind of comfort with a man, but to manage him.’ The solution of the mystery may be, that being very tenacious of authority, and believing with kings, princes, and despots of every name, that subjects can only be kept in obedience by unrelenting sternness, by keeping forever over their head the rod, they fear to soften even into the indulgence their hearts would prompt, so if favors are to be obtained, it must be by so disguising them that they have not the appearance of favors, and the hand that bestows them must be muffled so that it will not be conscious that it has parted with its treasures ; or in wifely words, ‘ make them think they have their own way all the time, and you can obtain any thing, and twist them like a wisp.’ And certain it is, that those who have the talent, and the patience and perseverance to exercise it, in thus accomplishing their wishes, are generally considered model wives by their lords, and avoid those family bickerings which open and audible rebellion against authority are sure to produce.

But whether it is the only way for wives to treat husbands or not, it is a very common way for young ladies to obtain them, and though it may not be good policy to inform them, it is true, that those who begin by manœuvring, go on manœuvring all the way through life, and rule households on the same principle that Metternichs rule kingdoms ; ‘ there is no other way, except absolute slavery, and that is impossible.’ The practice which had made me so perfect in my girlhood, under the surveillance of my aunt, had been so long laid aside, that I had almost forgotten the rôle. My husband was an exception to the love of authority, which is said to be inherent in the lords of creation. Indulgence and freedom had not subverted order in his household ; but for my daughter I could see no other way, so I went to work to gain for Madeline what she could not gain for herself.

She had never met the gentleman, except at parties, and the nature of their acquaintance did not allow her to invite him to call ; so I must endeavor to meet him too, and what was not proper for her, would be very proper for me, and the *ruse* not suspected. All this was easily accomplished at the next ‘ society,’ when she must necessarily be absent, and I accidentally present. I was married, and could ask for an introduction without scandal, and in the course of two or three casual meetings, find a plausible occasion for inviting him, without manifesting the

anxiety of the 'mother of two marriageable daughters.' The first time he called, the girls were not at home, though he had told me he might come at that hour. The second time they were engaged, and came only for a few moments into the room, so that I had plenty of time to enlarge upon my system of home-education, and converse upon topics that indicated my fitness for training young ladies for heads of families. To him it was demonstrated that they would make excellent wives.

To Mary he was prosy, inefficient, and disagreeable, so she yawned and took refuge in a book. I could easily be silent when it was politic ; and as an intelligent companion, Madeline could easily recommend herself. He evidently favored modest young ladies, and would never dream that any thing but true humility could be the foundation of reserve. He had no sisters, and had never been thrown among women in a way to observe the process of ensnaring 'protectors,' evidently thinking that only those who manifested a great regard for him by plain words or coquetish acts were endeavoring 'to catch him.'

We were soon gratified by seeing him deeply in love, and tormented to his satisfaction with those doubts and fears which give to courtship its zest, and especially its value in the eyes of man, while Madeline had, according to the approved method, grown very undecided, blushing and hesitating till he was almost desperate. But as the coy country damsel says : 'There is danger of acting offish too long and losing the fish when he is actually bitten ;' so when there had been sufficient hesitation and indecision to satisfy all the demands of womanly decorum, the 'Yes' was spoken, which made of a lover, who 'scarcely dared to hope for such a blessing, the happiest of men,' and the engagement was announced by their walking to church together, sitting beside each other in the same pew, looking over in the same hymn-book, and demonstrating by various signs that they were perfectly satisfied.

With the rest of the world, I disapproved of long engagements, and now had a right to express my anxiety for the honor and happiness of a daughter. There were no obstacles in the way of a speedy consummation of so much happiness, and I hurried preparations, lest time should bring disappointment, and something should happen to consign back into hopelessness a heart which would not break, but wither with its morbid sensibility and cover life with a pall which neither ambition nor pride nor duty would ever throw aside.

The marriage was celebrated in a quiet way, according to their quiet tastes. The bride was duly portioned, and settled in her quiet home, Mrs. Wareham, from which it will not be necessary again to drag her forth, as her object in life is gained, and the duties which she will fulfil need no portraying. The prophecy concerning the end of the world will derive no aid from them, for if it should never be burned up till they set it on fire, it will remain forever and ever.

I was overwhelmed with congratulations, and did not fail to congratulate myself that one daughter was 'married off.' What a relief ! I did not wish to get rid of her, for she was kind, considerate, and loving, and in our household there was the harmony which confidence insures, and not a particle of the distrust which is the leaven of discord, wherever it dwells. The secrets of the heart were opened to me as freely as

the most common-place affairs of the day were discussed. 'But it is not well that daughters should grow old on our hands.' It is strange that so certain as it is that all things earthly must decay, and especially that all things human must grow old, and the season of youth so short, that there should be a contempt so universal expressed for those who have lost the freshness and charms which youth alone can boast. 'He is old,' 'she is old,' are heard and read every day as a reason for passing them by with neglect. But so it is, and especially as it is only youth and bloom in women that can hope to marry well, and to marry well being their great object, it is natural we should wish to see it accomplished before it is too late. That they will certainly grow old afterward is not considered, and though they are neglected as soon as this fatal period arrives, no longer loved, no longer cherished, they are supported, and their sorrows are family sorrows, which the world does not consider itself entitled to know or comment upon.

Mary was not beautiful, as the world defines beauty, but bright and joyous, frank, playful, and familiar, without frivolity or trifling, and eminently blessed with the power of pleasing without effort or consciousness of her power. She had a round, rosy face, and an eye which was pronounced every shade from light blue to deep jet, as it reflected the light without and the light within, and took the hue of her varying moods and the clouds and sun-shine around her. She acted contrary to the proverb, and believed every body good till proved bad, and it must be very evident they were unworthy ere she could be brought to acknowledge it. Her kind heart prompted her to bring others into notice, yet with her careless *naïveté*, she was sure to be the centre of attraction, and thus there were plenty to envy her what she could not help possessing, and to wound her gentle spirit by misrepresentation.

She was not what the world calls 'susceptible,' as many would have judged from her enthusiastic temperament and affectionate nature, and while enjoying society and delighting in the conversation of the intelligent, without regard to age or sex, her heart was a long time in reciprocating the love which was so often professed for her. She never doubted the professions, never distrusted either looks or words; for with herself to have violated the nicest sense of honor by a glance, would have been a crime. She had no love of admiration, no desire for applause, for these were incompatible with the refinement and delicacy of her soul.

To trust is the nature, the necessity of the innocent and pure. It is impossible to imagine evil of which one has not some knowledge by experience, or some conception from its relationship to the original nature. Those whose instincts prompt to universal distrust, may be saved some species of sorrow, be spared the shock of awaking to find confidence betrayed and love or friendship wrecked; but these calamities can scarcely be worse than the gnawings of suspicion and the constant fear of being surprised in the indulgence of genuine feeling. I remember, as a school-girl, one who had been educated by her parents to believe that there was neither kindness nor benevolence in any human being; that she must never ask a favor that she could not reciprocate, and never believe one could be granted but with selfish motives. This had been so

thoroughly instilled into her mind, that she obeyed to the letter the injunctions she had received, and wandered about a morose and miserable creature among her companions, isolated from all their sports, with never a smile of joyousness upon her face, and never a feeling of joyousness in her heart. She was in constant fear of being off her guard, and thus exposed to some injury from those whom she supposed ready at any time to take advantage of her. The most unkind and oft-repeated repulses; the most startling proofs of disingenuousness in one who had been loved and trusted, would not have cast so dark a shadow over life, as the clouds of suspicion which darkened her mind and gave their hue to every thing she touched.

If instruction had been necessary, I should have taught trust rather than distrust, for though there are plenty who do not merit it, there are also those who do; who are not ready to injure the weak because they are defenceless, or to betray the trusting because they too readily believe all to be as good as themselves. There are not few, but many among men, who would 'scorn to bring dishonor upon a maiden;' who would consider the perfect trust of a fresh, warm, loving heart, as a treasure so sacred, that they would prefer death by any torture rather than give it up to be the mark of the world's unfeeling gaze.

It was to such an one that Mary gave her heart. She was not one of those high-minded, scrupulous young ladies 'who neither encourage nor discourage attentions till their import has been made known by formal declarations.' She trusted the first 'shy glance of love,' and when her heart responded so did her looks and tones to the 'way of making love more eloquent than language,' and when by looks and tones she was won, and by looks and tones had answered, there was no wavering and no fear. 'Perfect love casteth out fear,' not only between God and His creatures, but in our intercourse with one another.

We read not long ago a little book, in which a father in his advice to a daughter enjoins her not even to profess love for her husband, saying. 'It was sufficient that she had consented to marry him; from this he could infer all that was necessary: that it was not safe to trust a man with words or other pledges of affection, and by all means, until the law had pronounced her a wife, let not her looks, or words, or manners betray that her heart was in his keeping.' As this was written by a man who professed to know his sex and would not care to misrepresent a large class to which he himself belonged, it is difficult to know how to interpret it, or what deference to render it. If this is true of men, it is time it were made untrue, for it must be owing to a false estimate of woman and a very strange estimate of themselves.

How can he be worthy of confidence after marriage who is not worthy of it before? How is it possible to give the 'utmost passion of the heart' to one who must be constantly looked upon with suspicion? But our worthy author says: 'One must be proved before he is trusted.' 'Then,' we should say, 'let him be proved in some way before there is a band which can never be broken, that links to him a noble heart.' This sentiment originates with those who look upon marriage as a sort of sale of woman, in which she is given up for safe keeping, and as this is necessary for her in order to live, she should be blindfolded and

chained in order not to offend those who are to purchase and guard her. When the bill of sale is made out and duly recorded; when there is no release for either party, then the faults of each may develop; no harm is done. That each is rendered miserable by the discovery of qualities, which if known in season, would have separated instead of uniting them, is of no consequence. Another woman is guaranteed a legal support, and this was the object of the contract. This is the light in which marriage is still viewed by a great portion of the most enlightened in Christian communities. It may be well for those who do not succeed in obtaining a legal support — are doomed to a misery most abject and degrading; and until there is some 'better way' for helpless women, it might be dangerous to condemn this too strenuously. There may be but few who can afford to learn in season to prevent a life of soul-misery, that those to whom they have given their hearts are unworthy the treasure, for thus they would fail of bread!

There is no line which so distinctly separates the high-minded from the low, no mark which so truly distinguishes the refined from the vulgar, as their sentiments upon this holy relationship. Low notions of the nature and attributes of love bespeak a vitiated mind, and show, like the 'trail of the serpent' in the garden of Eden, that the principle of evil has been there. There is in its elevated nature a character of constancy and truth and dignity which constitutes the essence of its being, and no pure eye can behold it, robbed of those, without sorrow and indignation. 'Those looks and tones which betray the one heart and seek to allure the other,' are never misunderstood by the pure, and are as binding as oaths to those whose moral sentiments are not blunted and perverted. This is a language which the confusion of tongues could not change; among all nations and every people it would need no interpreter. The Russian, with his harsh consonants, might 'woo and win' a daughter of the sunny south, who would be none the wiser for his words if he could speak them. It is the same among the shepherds of the hills, the peasantry of the valleys, and the inhabitants of the islands of the sea. What would life be worth if trust were banished from the community, and nothing but oaths and promises were to be relied upon, of which the law alone could compel the fulfilment?

'No words bind us,' said Mary.

'Do not trust a man who is not bound by oaths and witnesses,' said Julia; 'he will play truant for the first pretty face that crosses his vision.'

'Glad then shall I be to know it before I am bound beyond recall. If a pretty face swerves his fidelity now, will it not have equal power when the law has given him the title of husband, instead of lover, and of what value is he to me except for what I believe him to possess — a true and noble heart?'

'If you have no pride about being deserted.'

'It would be a humiliation to be deserted, but he who would desert me now would desert me as a husband.'

'He cannot. The law punishes it as a crime.'

'He might not do it openly; but should I not feel it equally?'

'No, because the humiliation would not be public. Every body

pities, while still respecting the sorrows of a wife, and family jars and conjugal infidelity are allowed a degree of privacy by the most unfeeling gossip.'

'But I am willing to be spared the pity and respect, if I may be delivered from spending my life with one whom I have ceased to love and honor. When he knows he has won me by the confidence which has never been withheld, what words could impose upon him a deeper obligation to protect and cherish? When he sees fixed upon him the eye that never doubts his truth, what more can he need to prompt him to shield from sorrow and reproach?'

As she spoke she acted, and with the same frankness as she would have manifested a sisterly affection, was her deportment to her lover.

'I would never receive presents, never till I was married,' said Aunt Ida.

'Now, Aunt Ida, I will. I will enjoy as much as I can. Surely we never get any too much happiness in this world. And if my friend William enjoys giving me books and bracelets as I do giving him chains and slippers, it would be a great crime to deprive him of the opportunity. Why should I not receive presents and give them too?'

'It is not so pleasant giving them back again,' said the old lady.

'Well, I never expect to; but if such a sacrifice should be required of me, you would see it performed with excellent grace. So you need not be troubled.'

'I never heard a young girl talk so freely about her beau; you might as well be married.'

'Well, why not talk about him? Is he any thing to be ashamed of? I like to talk about him, Aunt Ida; isn't he noble, and good, and beautiful, and do I not love him with all my heart? I wish to have a good time before I don my matron's cap and apron; and so I shall walk, and ride, and talk, too, if you will only listen. Do you not like to see me happy?'

'Yes, but I should like to see you modest, too.'

'Dear me! now what an insinuation. What would you have me do? go through all manner of mock pretensions? sitting on stilts all the time, making believe I am the pink of perfection? You know I was never made a proper young lady.'

'Men do not like girls any the better for being too forward.'

'No, but I conclude that the man who chose me likes me as I am, and I have never had one deportment for him and another for 'company.' I sometimes wish I were a little different, but then it is such hard work trying to be like some body else; and I feel as if a patch had been applied to me, and was as conspicuous as such an appendage is to a coat, when different in color; yet I feel quite sure that any offence against modesty in reality, or propriety, would be quite impossible, as it would instantly trouble me more than it could my friends. Aunt Ida, your notions are old-fashioned; you must keep up with the times. I wonder how lovers behaved in your day; will you tell me about your courtship?'

If blushes were proof of modesty, there could be no doubt about the good old lady's, for her face was sure to crimson when, as was often the

case, the young ladies ended their controversies by alluding to her courting days, about which they could never draw from her a word.

Mary was in no hurry to be married, as she was 'happy as happy could be ;' and in no hurry were we to lose her, for a dark shadow would there be upon the hearthstone when she deserted it.

Julia was not exactly upon my hands ; yet she did not spend the winter with us without 'making her market.' She was ambitious, and professed to think little of love. She had beauty, and knew well its market value. With it she fascinated one who satisfied all her aspirations ; one who was not rich, but whose family position and influence were far above her own. But he, too, was ambitious, and I had many fears that the spell by which she held him would break, if a brighter vision in the shape of gold should entice him. It was well known that he coveted wealth, and many were the whispers of wonder when it was divulged that he had knelt at the shrine which contained beauty alone. We will wait and see.

T H E C H I L D A N D D E A T H .

I.

How pale and slight our brave boy grew :
 Day after day the cold thin dew
 Of death we felt upon his face ;
 (How near complete his earthly race :)
 Day after day he seemed more fair,
 His form more weak, his eye more bright,
 Till soon he shone a form of air,
 A phantom-child of love and light.

II.

Then came a Rider, bold but kind,
 With look that showed no evil mind :
 A rider, shadow-like and still ;
 Far over plain and over hill,
 His swift steed brought him to our roof :
 A pale, unweary horse, a shade,
 With silent breath and silent hoof,
 Nor touching sod, nor flower, nor blade.

III.

With a sweet smile he called the child :
 His speech was soft, his eye was mild,
 And won the dear boy to his hand ;
 With air of love more than command,
 He gently took him to his arms,
 And then, in stillness, as he came,
 He, from earth's follies and alarms,
 Bore him away : DEATH was his name !

Orono, (Me.), Oct., 1852.

H. C. LEONARD.

A S P R I N G D R E A M .

BY H. W. ROCKWELL.

*‘Ergo, alacris sylvas et cætera rura voluptas,
Panaque, pastoresque tenet, Dryades puellas,*

*Ipsi lætitia voces ad sidera jactant
Intonsi montes; ipsæ jam carmina rupes;
Ipsa sonant arbusta: Deus, Deus ille, Menacula!’—VIRG. EC. V.*

I SAW the rough-furred Winter in his arms
Holding the laughing Spring, who, with her brows
Adorned with wild flowers and sweet violets,
Had vainly striven to loose his cold embrace;
Yet as she strove, with such contagious laughter
As made the mountains to their summits ring,
The old churl peeping o’er her snow-white shoulder,
Smirked merrier than before, and held her fast
Around her loosened waist, till out there fell
From her sweet bosom what she there had hid,
Daisies, and king-cups, and the primrose pale,
And golden butter-cups. So, half in spite,
She fell to weeping, with her lily hand
Pettishly drying one eye, then the other,
Till he who held her, growing tender-hearted,
As men most stubborn in their natures do,
When women’s eyes drop rain, straightway unloosed
His icy grasp: whereat she suddenly,
Laughing until she fairly cried again,
Leaped quickly from his lap, and o’er the plain,
Pointing her delicate foot amid the grass,
With graceful bow, and sweet face sideways turned,
Scattered her roses to the jocund sound
Of most harmonious winds, nor stopped to look
At the old churl, who, with his staff in hand,
Moved slowly toward the north.

’T was but a dream,
As baseless as the ‘stuff’ that dreams are of;
For there is nothing here that ever bore
The least resemblance to so sweet a form:
Nor, had I bathed in founts of Castaly,
Or drank full draughts at the Pierian spring,
Would I have dared to call this weeping thing
That moves so mournfully across the plain,
The blue-eyed April, whom the poets crown
With their accustomed coronals of flowers:
She looks more like some melancholy nun,
Whom Winter, like a cowed and gloomy monk,
Hides in his convent walls, but now escaped,
To say her mournful beads in drops of rain;
Or like some spirit doomed to walk the earth
For some rash wickedness still unforgiven;
Or like some fair OPHELIA crazed with grief,
Her hair adorned with straw and withered flowers,
Her face a vacant stare, and in her speech
The accent and the utterance of wo.

Pass on, ye dismal days, and in your train
 Bring nothing ruder than the sound of winds
 That pipe upon the chimneys, or the snow
 That spreads its ghastly pall across the drear
 And pathless country. Long enough the wild
 And fearful wintry blast hath sang of wrecks,
 And maddened billows running mountains high,
 And ships dismasted on the lonely seas.
 Now let the sailor, as he furls his sails,
 Forget the raging night and blackening storm,
 And gently float to the desired haven.

Utica, 1837.

'MY OWN DEAR LITTLE PET MOSEY.'

How much I wish I could, with a dear little kiss, hail you this bright Sunday morning, with a sweet breeze blowing from off the sea, the water bright with the sun, and glittering with his rays, but looking fresh and sparkling under the influence of a gentle breeze. It was just such a day as this, in the year 1817, when buoyant in spirit and full of the vigor of a young manhood, possessed of competent means, and with the wide world before me, filled with sanguine hopes of a life of prosperity, I determined to visit Cuba, and accordingly sailed in a small yacht I owned, named the 'Billy Pitt,' from the port of Anatto Bay, on the north side of Jamaica. The run across, from island to island, is usually accomplished in twenty-four to thirty-six hours, but in our instance, we reached mid-channel in about twelve hours, when we became perfectly becalmed; and the sun rose upon us the following day, shining, without one intervening cloud, upon a sea bright and smooth as a mirror. We lay thus, vainly invoking San Antonio to send us the lightest breeze, for three long days, when the earnestly prayed-for blessing came down upon us from a favorable quarter, and on the afternoon of the sixth day we anchored in the very beautiful harbor of Guantanimo, as named by the Spaniards, or Cumberland Harbor, as called by the English, from the circumstance of one of our line-of-battle ships of that name having struck upon a rock in the centre of the channel entering. The harbor, beautiful, spacious, and commodious as it is, was at that time entirely deserted, nor could the tiniest sail be discovered in any of its numerous little bays and inlets. We got out our boat soon after we had dropped anchor and pulled into a small river, the St. Augustino, which debouches into Cumberland Harbor on the south side, near the entrance. At sun-set we reached a small hacienda, or cattle-farm, and procuring horses, we rode about five miles further into the country, to a tobacco-plantation, one of the objects of my excursion being to learn the mode of planting, cultivating, and curing that plant in Cuba. The owner of the plantation was unluckily absent, and as some two or three days would intervene before his expected re-

turn, and nothing in the person or manners of his manager during his absence promising me comfort or interest, I determined to return to the vessel and again visit the plantation when the gentleman Don Augustino Bernardez might be expected home. An Irishman of the name of Callaghan, had, I knew, a sugar-estate somewhere on the shores of the Harbor, and I thought I might find his whereabouts and spend a day or two with him. I had known this gentleman in Jamaica: he had left that island in some disgust, and had married a young and beautiful girl in Cuba; had established a large sugar property in this vicinity, and I was sure to receive from him the warm-hearted, cordial hospitality for which he had been renowned in Jamaica. The vision of the happy three days I anticipated to spend with my friend Callaghan, was, you may be sure, a warm and vivid one. Fancy pictured his wife to be endowed with all the beauty and grace of a fairy, the warm cordiality of the Creole, gentle, loving, and susceptible. I fancied her young sisters and friends to be formed of similar mould; in short, I pictured an earthly paradise peopled with earthly houris, and I could almost have fancied myself to become Mohammed the Prophet among them. This was my dream during the night I passed at the tobacco-plantation of St. Don Augustino Bernardez, and I impatiently ordered the horses as day broke, that I might rush to the scene of my dreamy happiness. By eight o'clock we were again floating on the calm waters of Guantanimó; but the little 'Billy Pitt' no longer remained in the loneliness we had left her in the preceding evening. Two long, low, rakish-looking schooners lay anchored just outside of her, and though our little vessel boldly and proudly displayed the flag of my own loved country, the courtesy had not been returned by the schooners. A few instances of the piratical atrocities which soon after became notorious, had already occurred at the period of which I am writing; and one of my own crew, a little, wiry, active, impetuous scoundrel, was more than suspected by his ship-mates of having been a free rover but a few months previously. This man, Calshrue by name, and a Dane by birth, was with us in the boat, and he at once pronounced the larger of the two schooners to be a cruiser of one of the newly-declared republics of South-America, under the pretence of which the piracies had occurred, and whose scarcely yet known and unrecognized flag covered atrocities, the relation of which was of the most revolting nature. As we neared the large schooner in our progress toward the cutter, for such was the rig of our craft, we were hailed in broken English and ordered on board, but I replied with only the usual 'Ay, ay,' and ordered the boat's crew to pull for our own vessel, which they did with a will; Calshrue, who pulled the stroke-oar, observing to me in a low tone, 'They will fire at us directly, and we are within musket range;' and the words had not escaped his lips a minute when a musket was discharged from the schooner, but I think not loaded with ball. 'Civil, that,' says Calshrue; 'but we shall have it again directly and not so civilly.'

'Pull, my lads, pull!' was all I said, and the men still steadily bent to their oars, when a musket was again discharged, and the ball whistled as it passed over our heads. Calshrue then said, still speaking lowly but

distinctly : 'I know those fellows, Sir ; see their red bandas round their waists, every one of which has a brace of pistols, cutlass, and knife. Best not to anger them ; get their bloods up and they 'll massacre every mother's son of us. I know them, Sir,' he said, 'and we had best board them and be civil.' The third shot then was fired, striking the gunwale of the boat, but fortunately not hurting any one. I then quietly put the helm down and steered straight for the 'cruiser,' as Calshroe would continue to call her, and we were soon alongside. She was a beautifully proportioned craft, about one hundred feet on deck, and with quarter-beam. She appeared to have been fitted with the greatest care and with a perfect seaman's skill, evidently not maintained, however, on the cruise, and her running rigging hung slack and in disorder ; the sails but half-furled, and the decks dirty and unwashed, showing a thorough want of discipline in her crew, and something too of want of seamanship in her officers.

Her captain was a slight-made man, of twenty-two or twenty-three, a Frenchman, and, as he told me, named Vidal, gentlemanly in manner and appearance, and one you would suppose more likely to be met with in the *salons* of Paris than on the deck of a pirate, and in her command. He met me with much courtesy, said I was wrong to have persisted in proceeding after he had hailed me ; that we had run some risk by our obstinacy, but was glad to perceive none of us had been hurt by the last shot, which he had ordered to be fired in advance of the boat, but which he perceived had struck her ; inquired where we came from, what was our crew, what our cargo, and what our object in visiting Cuba. Having nothing to conceal, my replies were frank, and I soon forgot the prejudices I had imbibed against him and his calling, in the usual charm of his conversation. He spoke English fluently, told me he was not originally bred to the sea, had been in the French army, had retired in disgust, gone out to Columbia and joined Aury's squadron, who had given him a commission, then the command of the vessel he was in, and that he was on the coast of Cuba with instructions to harass the Spanish trade ; but as the trade was protected by the British men-of-war, he had seldom the opportunity to do it much damage. The other schooner, he said, pointing to the one close to us, apparently a Baltimore-built pilot-boat of about fifty tons, was the only craft he had been able to take hold of ; that he had run into Guantanamo with the intention to land her crew and passengers and to replenish his fire-wood and water, which having done, he would run down again to the main, report his progress to Commodore Aury, who was also a Frenchman, and probably again join the squadron ; but 'first,' he quickly and brusquely continued, 'I must see what you are made of.' I pointed to the flag which the cutter had hoisted, I suppose as the most conspicuous point, to her mast-head, and I quietly replied : 'That flag says, Touch me not, or touch me at your peril.' Vidal smiled, and said with something more sinister than I had yet observed in his countenance : 'Well, let us to breakfast, and then I will return the courtesy of your visit.' I told him I thought it best our men should not mix together ; that I was anxious to be on board the cutter, and if he would come

with me to breakfast, or return my call after his breakfast, I would try to be as polite to him as he had been to me, but that I could not promise him the entertainment of a ball in the fashion our acquaintance had commenced. Though I thus tried to make the best of my position and maintain an easy manner and good-natured intercourse, I was, in truth, anxious enough. I had some objects of mercantile importance to attain, and I had with me in the cutter about five thousand dollars in doubloons ; the safety of these, it was evident, had become seriously imperilled by the inopportune presence of Captain Vidal and his crew : and such a crew ! I have not yet described them. There were between thirty and forty, all told ; their respective ranks it was difficult to name, or to distinguish officers from men, with the exception of the commander, who was in truth a gentlemanly young fellow in manner and appearance as you would desire to meet with anywhere, with high intellectual qualities, and to appearance, mild and generous in disposition. The first lieutenant was a French mulatto, upward of six feet high, well proportioned, without superfluous flesh, bony and muscular, and straight in every limb as the mountain-palm. Captain Vidal told me he was the only man in the vessel in whom he could confide, and for mutual safety, one kept watch when the other slept, and, sleeping or awake, their arms were ever ready for immediate use. The second lieutenant was also a mulatto, similarly proportioned to the first lieutenant, to whom he possessed a certain degree of likeness, but with a marked difference in the expression of countenance. Both were dark mulattoes, but while the character of the countenance of the first betokened extreme kindness of disposition and absence of all guile, the characteristics of the second lieutenant were those of subtlety, cunning, and ferocity, with a downward scowling look, that at once impressed you with the necessity for caution in his presence. The crew were chiefly blacks and mulattoes of St. Domingo, and a few white men, Germans and French, as regular a set of desperadoes as could well be congregated in the small space of a schooner's deck. One unhappy Irishman I felt very sorry for. He had been pressed from one of the vessels Captain Vidal had overhauled, and he entreated me to withdraw him from the hell he was enduring. He told me every menial job in the vessel was thrust upon him ; that every man's hand was raised against him ; that he was half-starved, receiving only the refuse of the food of the crew, and that curses, and blows, and every kind of contumely and ill-treatment was all the pay he received. I could not but believe his tale, for he suffered all the treatment he spoke of, even before my eyes, which he bore by the return of curses, threats, tears, sobs, and complainings. I begged Captain Vidal to let me have him, but he said he dared not, it was quite impossible, and I left the poor wretch to a fate that I learned subsequently had no long duration ; for, irritated past endurance by some gross ill-treatment, he struck his assailer to the deck, who springing up, on the instant stabbed the poor Irishman through the heart.

It being arranged that Captain Vidal should follow me on board the cutter, I left the 'Armistad' and placed myself in the stern sheet of my own boat, and slipping smoothly over the unruffled waters, five

minutes served to place me alongside my own clean, trim, quiet little craft. Left to myself, my reflections were sufficiently unpleasant. I found myself netted in the toils of my blithe friend Captain Vidal, without the possibility of extrication. I was unarmed and totally unprepared for a contest with the 'Armistad,' which vessel I had observed carried four twelve-pound carronades and a long iron eighteen-pounder worked on a pivot in the centre of the vessel. I was too under the very muzzles of her guns, and any attempt on my part to get under weigh, would have been promptly met with a salute I could not return. I did not for a moment doubt that the object and intention were to plunder me, and though none on board, save my own first officer, knew of the money I had on board, I was quite sure it could not escape, and that probably the murder of us all and subsequent firing of the vessel, to obliterate all traces of the piracy and robbery, would take place before the sun went down. It was with a calmness I have often since wondered at, that I took into my calculations all the chances that were against me, nor could I find one in all the chapter of accidents that would tell in my favor. It was now twelve o'clock, noon, and I momentarily expected the coming of Vidal. I had prepared an entertainment for him as well as I could, and all my little stores were exhausted to supply a meal for a man whom at its close, I might find to be my executioner; but I was resolved to show no flinching, that I would emulate the Frenchman's courtesy in my capacity of host; and nerving my mind to the worst that could come, I cordially welcomed him on board the 'Billy Pitt' as he stepped upon her deck. His first lieutenant alone accompanied him, and sitting down to our meal, three or four hours glided by, which I could not help enjoying heartily, so racy was the conversation of Vidal and so cordial his companionship. As evening approached, however, I noticed that our deck was filling with the schooner's people, and I remarked to Vidal that as his men were fraternizing with mine, they too should enjoy some of the good things we had been partaking of. He said, 'Yes;' but rather markedly added: 'Do n't make them savage with too much liquor.' I sent forward some spirits and a case of claret. When Captain Vidal said: 'Now let us to business.'

'Oh!' I replied, 'pleasure is our business: will you take more wine or have coffee?'

'No more wine, if you please, but coffee below, where my officers will meet us.'

I assented, and having ordered the coffee, we descended to the cabin, a place of about eight feet square, dimly lighted by a single lamp, and in which now assembled Vidal, his two lieutenants, four others, and myself. It was a curious and a singular scene; that small cabin lighted by a single lamp, the flame of which flared up through an atmosphere of tobacco-smoke with a dusky red and dirty glare, with eight persons seated round it, five of whom were ferocious-looking scoundrels, dirty, 'bearded like the pard,' with a glistening serpent-like smile of triumphant malice stealing from their glowing eyes. The captain and first lieutenant were firm and grave, but looked

anxious and distrustful, for I had won upon their better natures, and they felt pity for my position : so young, (I was but nineteen,) so full of life and spirits and health and hope, yet with all the probabilities immediately before me, of a bloody, agonized, and sudden death. For myself, I felt I was pale and anxious, but my natural spirits sustained me, strengthened as I was in this moment of danger by a firm reliance on the goodness of my CREATOR ; and with a short and fervent mental ejaculation of 'Great God, help me !' I braced myself for the occasion ; but I felt within me that I was not to die, and that so neither were my men to sink in the present perilous moment. With this feeling within me I could be firm and calm, but I was grave and pale, silently waiting for the others to speak.

Vidal opened the conference by a passionate appeal to me to save him the agony of seeing me butchered before his eyes. 'My friend,' he concluded by saying, 'this is a most perilous dilemma you are in, but you may still be personally safe ; at least, all the influence I can command or use shall be exerted with my people in your behalf, and if that fails, so help me, HEAVEN, in my extremest need, they shall take my life before they take yours. But, for God's sake, save us this extremity, abandon your money and save our lives.'

I replied : 'I will not conceal from you, Vidal,' (he was the only one who spoke English,) 'that I have money on board, but it is not mine, it has been intrusted to me to lay the foundation of some important operations, and I will not be the base cur to abandon it for a moment's peril of my life.'

He continued, however, vehemently and earnestly to urge my compliance with the demands of his men, whom he assured me he was powerless to control. I am convinced that no thought of himself induced a single word he uttered, and that he was actuated alone by the naturally high-toned characteristics of his mind, for his had been a noble nature, and in days of chivalry would have glowed with its purest flame. Gomez, the second lieutenant, scowled sulkily on the attempts of his commander to persuade me to compliance, and interrupting Vidal, while he was still speaking, impatiently exclaimed with the most opprobrious of Spanish curses, 'This will settle the matter ;' and I felt the lasso round my neck, thrown by the abominable scoundrel with all the dexterity of one perfect in his trade ; but it had not tightened before it was severed by Vidal's cutlass, who, anticipating some attack to be made upon me, had, even in the strong earnestness of his persuasions, been keenly watchful of every movement made by Gomez and the other four men, and had placed me for greater security on one side of the table, between himself and the first lieutenant. All were now on the instant upon their feet, and Gomez, leaving the table, rushed to deal destruction upon the fittings of the cabin ; the rest followed his example ; more of the pirates rushed from the deck, and the uproar and confusion became intense. Every bulkhead or division in the cabin was rapidly demolished ; the ceiling and casings destroyed ; the floor of the cabin broken up, and the clash of the cutlass, the rending of the boards, the blows of hammer and axe, the yells, the shouts, the curses of

the men, created a little hell, the devils, fiends, and demons of which were aptly impersonated by the pirate crew. Vidal and the first lieutenant took no part in this scene of destruction, retaining me by their side and between them, with cutlass and pistol ready for immediate use if required for my defence. We three stood there silent and motionless. At last, above and beyond the din of demoniac sounds, rose one wild shriek of joyful yells, and I knew the money had been found.

'Be still now,' sternly said Vidal as I suddenly sprang forward, but instantly restrained by his nervous grasp. 'This is your most critical moment, they will either be satisfied and quiet now, or in their wild frenzy they may shove their knives into the three of us, for some here would gladly have me out of the way.' At this moment Gomez came toward us as though to speak to his commander, but Vidal ordered him to stop.

'If you advance another step, by G— I 'll shoot you !'

Gomez stopped, then stepping aside, the finder of the money advanced with the bag in his hands, which he deposited on the cabin floor before us. Vidal then ordered Gomez to take it on board the 'Armistad,' and also to withdraw his men, which orders Gomez sullenly obeyed. Left to ourselves, I eagerly turned to Vidal and earnestly poured out my grateful thanks for his generous interference in my behalf, which must, I knew, imperil his influence and popularity with his officers and crew, and possibly his own safety. But this he treated lightly :

'This night's occurrences,' he solemnly said, 'have taught me that my influence with my crew is powerless for aught but evil ; they would follow me to death in every hideous form if I led them into peril satisfactory to their evil passions. But you have seen how perfectly incompetent is my command to restrain them from crime, This is the first act of actual piracy yet committed by me, and this act, so HEAVEN help me, I had all the wish to control, but could not, and I have at once made up my mind to leave this service, and if I escape the consequences, well merited by the cursed business of this night, I will seek other occupation better suited to my disposition.' We had left the close, hot atmosphere of the wreck of the cabin and now stood on the deck, where a glorious full moon was calmly looking down upon us from the beautiful deep blue sky of mid-night in the tropics. The sea lay around us just ruffled by the gentlest air, and all was so still, so quiet, so reposed ; and called by the very calm, the quiet and repose, so forcibly our minds heavenward, that I involuntarily sank to my knees on the deck in earnest prayer and thanksgiving and supplication for the great mercy that night had shown me. Vidal watched me silently, and when I rose, in passionate agony he pressed me to his heart and then hurriedly tore himself away ; and I watched him gliding like a shadow through the glitter of the moon-light on the water to the side of his own vessel. And thus we met, and so we parted — the pirate captain of the 'Armistad,' and myself — and our paths have never since crossed.

THE APRIL SHOWER.

BY EDWARD C. GOODWIN.

I.

ERE earliest day I heard a tread,
Like fairies trooping over head :
Drop after drop the spring shower fell ;
Drop after drop, like chiming bell,
 Or elfin's horn,
Who called his bannered hosts around,
 And old earth bound
 Till coming dawn.

II.

Loud cried the Fay : ' While chill winds sigh,
Through every wood and valley fly,
That, blossoming, the light shall see
The violet and anemone !
 Forth from my bowers
Call out the skylarks, gem the grass,
 The mountain pass
 Refresh with showers ! '

III.

Their snow-white palfreys, prancing free,
With tinkling hoofs swept quick by me.
And then my dreams wrought ships at sea ;
And one that from some eastern land
Bore balm and spices, and a band
 Of captive girls :
Her white sails glistened 'neath the clouds,
 And all her shrouds
 Seemed hung with pearls.

IV.

Who could not dream while spice winds blow,
And rock his vessel to-and-fro ?
Drop after drop the spring rain fell —
Drop after drop : I slumbered well ;
And when I woke, the garden bowers
 And tufted flowers
 Remained to tell

V.

That what our disappointments know
From life's cold rain and drifting snow,
Is cancelled by a love that swells
The jessamines and asphodels,
Which with a trusting faith incline
 To the sunshine
 Their quivering bells.

Litchfield, (Ct.)

D A Y - D R E A M S .

THE mind is always working. The body may be totally inert, may lose every faculty of action, and still the mind works on. A trance may lay the man in the silent attitude of death, but there is no semblance of death for the powers within. Exertion may tire the weary frame into compulsory repose, but no exertion can cower the mind into a moment of inaction. The rest of the soul consists in change of employment, *never* in cessation of employment. So it comes that the two subsistences between which there exists the closest union of which we have any knowledge — the body and the mind — are far from being united in all their acts, and often act in a great degree independently of each other. Particularly when the body is at rest, does the mind take its freest, wildest flights, unencumbered by any concern for its plodding fellow. When the body acts, it in some degree restrains the mind to a joint endeavor for the accomplishment of purposes. When the body does not act, there is no purpose to be accomplished at present. Yet has the mind another restraint within itself, a kind of balance-wheel, to keep the great machine from irregular and purposeless action. *Reason* checks every propensity to erratic wanderings, and imperatively demands that the mind shall not labor without an object, or fly without a definite landing-place in view.

But at times, even this regulating clog is cast off, and then the ever-restless powers indulge in an unconstrained revel. There is no purpose to be accomplished, no conclusion to be arrived at, no consistency to be preserved, and the mind has nothing to do but turn antic summersets in infinite space. This is the case during the hours of sleep. The body lies in unconscious repose, reason ceases to control the acts of the mind, and then begin such wild eccentricities as are only known to the waking in the brain of the maniac.

But it is not our purpose to trace these vagaries. We have spoken of them as one would remind you of an old friend, as he introduces a relative of that friend. You remember your old acquaintance, 'the dream of the night : ' allow us to introduce his cousin, *the day-dream*.

They are of the same family. The sleeping body and silent reason were the parents of night-visions; the reposing body and reason off-duty are the parents of day-dreams.

A queer fellow is day-dream, changeable as wind. Now he is a kind genius, pouring in wealth, and honor, and friends, with boundless profusion, until avarice and ambition for once cry, enough; and again he plays the cruel tyrant, and loads us with chains and curses. Now he leads us through regions which rival the garden of Eden, and makes us at home in the very treasure-house of nature; and again he hurls us on the wings of the wind into the midst of the burning sands of a boundless desert, and leaves us with a mocking laugh to perish there. He never obtrudes himself in busy hours, he has no power over the mind *at work*; but let a man sit down with nothing to think of and nothing to do, and in comes day-dream, more powerful than any of the

genii of Eastern fables, and with one touch of his wand, he bids you follow whither he will.

A young man is just about to begin the battle of business. He has little now more than health, vigor, and high expectations. He is about to leave the parental roof to carve his own way in the world. He seats himself for the last time on the side of his humble couch before he lies down to rest. For the last time, for the morrow's sun will see him far on his way toward other scenes and other duties. He seats himself there to think. What a purposeless word is that indefinite 'to think!' A man may consider circumstances, may plan purposes, and may meditate plans, but when he sits down just 'to think,' with matters and things in general for his subject, he is the most idle of idlers.

Our youth sits down to think. It is day-dream's opportunity. He feels the spell, and how the scene changes! He is a young man no longer, on the threshold of life. He sees himself the envied chief of the host of merchant-princes. His richly-laden vessels float on every sea, his special agents canvass every land. His coffers are filled, his credit unquestioned, his prosperity unbounded. His stately mansion is filled with admiring guests, he never lacks congenial friends. The respect of the public, the deference of companions, the blessing of the poor, all are his. Civic honors and national trusts lie open before him. He lives in one continual mid-day of full prosperity. No dark cloud overshadows him, no tempest threatens; he has only to will, and what he wills is there.

The young man muses. Surely he is one of the *great* ones of the earth. He rubs his eyes; he gathers his scattered thoughts. Here is his couch, still under the same old roof; and here is his candle burned down in the socket. He is not a millionaire after all, but a lad with an empty pocket, and hope in his heart. He has dreamed a day-dream. It was a pleasant dream, and he cherishes the vision as a half-prophetic intimation of a wished-for future.

Alas! poor lad, it was only a dream, and worth about as much as dreams generally are. What you want now is a well-considered plan for present action. And yet cherish your dream; it is perhaps the only prosperity this world has for you.

An old man sits in his easy-chair. The mild June zephyr coming in at the window plays through his silvery locks. They have been whitened by time and care until, like the bleaching grain, they silently speak of a harvest soon. Those wrinkled cheeks, that furrowed brow tell a sad tale of strife and toil. But the old man is quiet now. The long day of labor is nearly past; the twilight of evening speaks of a night of rest. There he sits waiting, waiting the summons home. And even while he sits, the glad voice of children comes in on the breeze as they frolic in gladsome play. The old man muses; memory is busy with the past. He scarcely hears aught without, and yet those childish voices have led him back to long-forgotten years. He is again himself a child. Again he kneels at his mother's side to repeat his evening-prayer to 'Our FATHER who art in Heaven.' He feels her warm kiss on his brow, he hears her gentle, kind 'good night.'

The old man half-recalls his wandering thoughts. He mutters : 'Mother, mother.' It is many years since he has spoken that word, and she who bore the name has long slept beneath the sod. And yet it is a magic word, for it speaks of the tenderest, dearest love. A tear runs down his furrowed cheek — a tear from a fountain long since dry. But that one word, 'Mother,' makes the old man a child again.

And still the childish voices float in on the breeze. The old man is with them, he is what he was full four-score years ago. His chosen companions are with him too, companions of the dead of ages are they now. Together they ramble over their native hills, and together they pluck the wild flowers of the wood. They saunter along the same old brook, they bathe in its limpid waters. They assist in tossing the new-mown hay ; they sit down in the shade for their noon-tide meal. The scene changes. It is winter now, the winter of the old man's youth. He is at school again, the same old school. The master he hated and feared rules yet — the master that died while the old man's step was firm. The irksome task is conned again, and boyish mischief breaks out in the same old tricks. The hour at noon is hailed with the same delight, and the hour that brings him home for the day, is still the hour of relief. And now the long winter evening comes, and he crowds again close up to the glowing hearth as he drinks in the wild tale of the lone old hag who purchased superior power by the sale of her soul, that she might torment her neighbors and vent her spite. And he shudders as he hastens up to bed, and lies quaking with fear in the darkness there, till sleep brings happier visions.

Again the scene changes ; the old man is a half-grown youth. He stands by a bed-side, and all around is still, oppressively still, as it always is in the chamber of death, where the stifled sob is the only sound that falls on the ear. And there lies a noble form ; but oh ! how changed by the blast of disease. Those sunken, hollow eyes were once bright with intelligence ; now they are dimmed with the glaze of death. His was once the strong right arm, and the sinewy limb, but sickness and pain have done it all. He breathes easier now, and yet it is almost the last of earth. They gather around to catch the last word, to watch the last sign of the departing husband, father, friend. The wife of his youth is there, but how can she part with him whose love has been the joy, the support, the value of life ? He rallies, he exerts his fleeting strength to whisper : ' Farewell, my love, it is but for a little ; we meet again above.' And then the son draws near in speechless grief, and bends over to catch one word of remembrance, one parting blessing. 'My son, my son, be kind to your mother, and forget not your father's God.' It is the last ; the departed spirit leaves only the cold form of clay.

The old man sits there still in his easy-chair, and the voices of childish glee still float in on the breeze, but he heeds them not. He sits in an agony of grief, and the tears flow fast from those eyes unused to weep, as he cries to himself : ' My father, my father, you must not die — you must not die.' Poor old man ! He has had a dark vision, and yet he slept not. Would that some one would say to him : ' Old man ! arouse thee — thine own end approacheth. Weep not for the

grief of other years, but remember the warning : ' Forget not your father's God.' "

A young maiden sits in her cold attic chamber. We say she is young, for surely twenty summers could not have passed over that fragile form. Yet mark her well, for certainly *forty* years of ordinary trials could not have produced a more care-worn countenance. She is bowed down, but it is not with age. There is none of the plump, fresh, rosy youth there, it is true ; but sorrow and toil sometimes do the work of revolving years, and then what sad, sad work they make. Look at her ! We had thought that joy and vivacity were the dowry of maiden youth ; but alas ! there is none of it there. Was there ever a smile to dimple those cheeks, now so sunken and wan ? Was there ever a wild ringing laugh to be heard from within those bloodless lips ? Yes, oh ! yes ; but it must have been long, long ago. And then we had thought that a maiden's chamber must be the pattern of comfort not only, but the very place for luxurious ease. Look at the comforts, the luxuries here. An old table, a single chair, a scanty pallet, a half-burned candle. And where is the fire ? Look at that shivering form, wrapped closely in a thread-bare summer-shawl ; and look at the dark grate where a handful of ashes surrounds the last expiring coals, and you need not ask : ' Where is the fire ? '

But what does she here ? See for yourself as she bends over to see the stitches she takes. She is sewing, sewing, not languidly, as young ladies are wont to work worsted angels on gilded cards ; not cheerfully, as the matron sews for husband, and children, and self, while she sings : but *desperately* ; as the panting deer flies from the pursuing hounds ; as the drowning man struggles to reach the helping hand, so sews the poor seamstress, *for her life*. It is the old story ; seen better circumstances ; father unfortunate ; mother died of a broken heart ; no money, no friends ; must sew for a shilling a day, or die. It is an old story ; the same which Hood told when he sang his Song of the Shirt. It is an old story : but if the Potter's-field could give up its ghastly witnesses, who would dare to question its truth ? And there she sits and sews, poor thing ! She has sewed so long, so early and late, day after day, and week after week, and lain down hungry so often at mid-night, and arisen benumbed with cold so often with the first gray dawn of day, that we wonder whether human feelings and human emotions are not dead within her ; whether she can be any thing more than a living machine. Watch her as she sews. There must be feeling there ; mark her heaving breast, and her tight-pressed lips — and see ! her eyes are brimming with tears. One falls on the stitches, and one on her trembling hand, and still the fountain is full. For once the needle stops, and the work is laid aside, for one yellow tear-spot on that yard of linen would forfeit the scanty pittance for which she is shedding great drops of the blood of life. And now she weeps bitterly, *bitterly* ; not as she had plied her needle — for the preservation of life — but she weeps that she *must* live — must live to work, that she may work to live. How much better to lie in the peaceful grave with those who have gone before, where the weary are at rest. She is weary, oh ! how

weary of life and of earth. Oh! blame her not roughly for wishing that she were by her mother's side, beneath the cold clouds of the valley.

Grief, sorrow, care will spend themselves in tears, and so do hers. She is calmer now, but she does not resume her work. See! Her eyes are fixed and staring, and yet she sees nothing. Sees nothing? Oh! yes, but nothing in that cheerless, comfortless room. She is far, far away; far from the city of brick and mortar, where the experience of such like her would say that men's hearts are made of the same. She is *home* once more — in the home of happier days. Her dear mother is there, and together they pass such happy days, sharing their easy household toil, and sharing each other's love, until evening brings the tired husband and father home to such resting relief as home only affords.

And then, as the mantle of evening spreads its cool, refreshing shade, she steals out at the wicket, and down by the drooping willow, to the rustic seat by the quiet stream, which reflects the pale moon-beam's silvery light full in her blooming face. See! Wears it not an unusual flush? Is no unwonted excitement flashing from her lustrous eyes? Hark! Was there not an approaching foot-step? Ah! this is a trysting-place. He comes not as an accidental intruder; he greets her not as a stranger. And that manly form, that honest face, might well win a maiden's love. But let us not be intruders; leave them to tell all their love, and dream and plan for the future, with only their own hearts for witnesses.

And so she dreams on, poor thing. Is it not well that she can for a moment forget her sorrowful toil? See! a bright smile lights up her pale thin face, while the tears yet stand on her cheek. She imagines herself a happy bride, and she smiles a glad greeting in answer to the warm-hearted congratulations of friends. And now she has a new home, a home of *her own* — the brightest, the happiest of earthly homes. How proud she is of her husband's love; how happy in the discharge of her new duties and cares!

The old clock in the neighboring church-tower slowly and solemnly toll the mid-night hour. The familiar sound falls harshly on her ear; it awakens her from a dream of happiness to a reality of misery. There is the half-finished garment, her fingers still clutch the needle and thread. It is cold, cold, and all that glad dream would she give for one morsel of food. No wonder that more bitter tears flow down their well-worn channel. But there is no time to weep now. A whole night of toil can scarcely redeem the time that dream has taken. God comfort thee, poor girl, thine is no ordinary sorrow!

A farmer sits by his blazing fire, listening to the winter wind as it comes whistling and whirling around the old farm-house. And he laughs as he slaps his rough hand on his knee and says to himself: 'Blow on, old wind, no admittance here; an extra stick on the fire makes it summer within.' And the farmer is right; comfort sits on his hearth-stone, and plenty has furnished his cellar and granary. There he sits taking his ease, while the storm blows without. And he needs just

such a day of rest, for the toil which has bent his form, and bronzed his face, and hardened his hands, must be sometimes remitted

And yet it is hard for such an one to sit still in the house. His home is out-doors, in the day-time, and it is no easy matter to rest contented within. So, even while he sits, his thoughts are away all over the farm, planting and sowing, and ploughing and reaping. And by-and-by he forgets where he is — forgets the crackling fire, and the whistling wind, and the winter cold — he is hard at work in his broad green fields. He works hard, but works cheerfully, and every thing prospers. What beautiful crops ! what a plentiful harvest ! He pulls down his old barn and puts up a greater. He counts his grain-stacks, and they have doubled on former years. He is getting on in the world, he must have more land. He adds acre to acre, and field to field. And still every thing prospers. How old the farm-house begins to look ! It is time it came down, and down it comes. A stately mansion takes its place, more worthy of the farmer's increasing fortune. And now he is getting old himself. He has worked hard enough in his day ; he will give up the charge to his son, and spend his old age in peace. So when he walks out he goes only to see what others are doing, and when he comes in he has an elbow-chair, and his grand-children sit on his knees. A big coal snaps out of the fire on to the kitchen-floor. The farmer starts up, he looks out of the window. Oh ! how the wind blows ! Oh ! how the snow flies ! ' Well, well,' says he to himself, ' I guess I was dreaming, and yet I don't believe I slept.'

And so we all dream sometimes — dream in the day-time. So we build our castles in the air ; so we dwell in shadowy halls in the land of shadows. The old man dreams of the past, for his *El Dorado* is back toward the place of the sun-rising, the place of his youth. The young and vigorous dream of the future, for their hopes are there, and they love to send scouting-parties of thought in advance of the steady tramp of Time. The unfortunate cherish their day-dreams, for so they forget the living reality.

But are we the better for our dreams ? Not if facts are more worthy of attention than the wild flights of fancy. Not if we intend to do any thing and be any thing here in this world.

Our brightest dreams are the greatest lies, and can we profit by deceiving ourselves ? We are surrounded by realities, we must grapple with realities ; and were it not better to be doing a *little*, than to be dreaming much ? We unnerve ourselves for active exertion by indulging in exaggerated visions. When we give the rein to imagination it bears us to a pinnacle far above the highest point of human reality ; and when we come back to struggle in earnest onward and upward, our progress is painfully slow not only, but our highest attainments seem contemptibly low. The dreamer of day-dreams is always a disappointed man ; he has lived so much in airy castles, that earth is at best a poor, miserable hovel.

But must we always be grappling with the present ? Must we shut out all thought of the future, and live as if we were the ephemera of to-day ? What, then, would become of hope, the brightest blessing left to man ? What would cheer us in the dark hour of adversity ? What

would strengthen us to bear the ills of life ? No, no, we must not, *cannot* be indifferent to the future : but, remember, there is a great difference between well-considered plans, and careful preparation to take advantage of coming events which may 'cast their shadows before,' and wild dreams of mocking improbabilities, and fascinating impossibilities, and glittering absurdities. The former belong to the wise man ; the latter to the dreamer. There is a wide gulf, too, between well-founded hopes and unreasonable fancies. *Hope* brings comfort ; fancy, discontent. And yet it is a galling imprisonment of the mind to be confined to the past, present, and future realities of earth. We know the past, we have the present, we grasp the utmost probabilities of the future, and still are ready to sit down and weep with Alexander for more worlds.

There is something in the human mind intrinsically superior to the highest earthly position. The very fact that our day-dreams present brighter scenes than we can ever expect earth to furnish, shows that there is a longing there for something above and beyond earth. We do indeed find that our roving fancy generally lights on something very like what earth does sometimes furnish, very like what some of our fellow-men possess ; but is it satisfied there ? No, the longer we dream the wilder our dream becomes, until we lose sight of all familiar scenes, and rove through another creation.

May we not, *must* we not dream, then, if we would find the mere phantom of food for this craving appetite ?

No, we speak it reverently ; there are other realities than those of earth. There is a well-founded hope which reaches forward far beyond the end of time. There are real scenes, far more glorious than the brightest creations of imagination. And they may be reached, and occupied, and enjoyed ; not merely dreamed of for an hour. They will satisfy the most intense cravings of the soul ; they will comfort the deepest sorrow that has ever forced a sigh in this vale of tears. There will the old man's youth be renewed like the eagle's ; and there will the daughter of sorrow find a happy home. In the midst of those delights would the young man scorn the base objects of his earth-born ambition ; and the man who toiled here, and dreamed of an earthly reward, look back with shame on his folly.

O dreamers of day-dreams ! would you have a reality infinitely fairer than your brightest visions ? Go find what *heaven* is, and learn the way thither.

THE SEA OF DEATH: AN EXTRACT.

Our lives like passing streams must be,
That into one engulfing sea
Are doomed to fall:
The Sea of DEATH, whose waves roll on,
O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,
And swallow all !

A REMEMBRANCE OF DR. KANE.

BENEATH the hills of wild Vermont
I strolled one morn of fair July,
Where fringed with evergreens and elms,
Connecticut, the pure, stole by.
Above, the ancient mountain's crest
Gleamed in a cloudy veil of light,
Uplifted by the amorous sun,
Breaking apart the chains of night.

Sweet valleys in their summer robes,
Jewelled with dew-drops of the morn,
Between the hills — along the stream —
As day grew on, seemed newly-born.
The birds were singing to the leaves,
Which whispered back their love-notes sweet,
Earth and the sky rejoiced in song,
That lovely summer morn to greet.

Another wandered like myself,
Alone, and thoughtful in his pace;
And as we met, a sun-ray cast
A glory o'er his pallid face;
But passing, left the haggard lines,
More painful from the contrast given;
As rivers flash, then sink to gloom,
Beneath the changing light of Heaven.

Together there we strayed awhile,
Breathing the fresh, pure mountain air;
We talked of fair New-England's clime!
The gallant men her hill-sides bear,
Her women, purer than her snows;
Her churches glistening on her hills;
Her schools amid her valleys hid:
The page of fame her history fills!

And then his dark, bold eye grew bright;
I saw his slender frame expand!
Upward he gazed; then cast his glance
Below, upon that glorious land;
As if a brotherhood in thought
Grew proudly on his mind — that he,
Like all who breathed that mountain air,
Was then — and ever would be free!

And so we parted: nevermore
On summer morn as fair as this;
In autumn, or in spring to meet!
My hand he warmly clasped in his,
And said: '*Good-by!*' (but simple words,
Yet meaning more than words contain.)
My walk was o'er; but I had met
The face, and clasped the hand of KANE!

Therefore, when news across the sea
 Sadly, from Cuba's sunny shore,
 Came with a thrill to all the land,
 That his bold heart could beat no more;
 I turned to one I loved, whose eye
 Was sad and dark like his, and said:
 'Tears from our eyes are not amiss,
 For him, the young and glorious dead!'

O sailor bold! O child of science!
 With heritage of lasting fame!
 The earth may hold thy crumbling dust,
 But glory thy ennobled name!
 The icebergs of the northern pole
 Are towers and monuments to thee!
 And round their glistening sides shall rise
 Thy requiem from the moaning sea!

By the Wabash, March 7, 1857.

'A N O W E R T R U E T A L E.'

BY EBEN. BARTON.

You all must know that I am an old bachelor, that is to say, forty-five or so; when I'm sixty I'll tell you that 'I'm not as young as I once was;' but till then, I'm going to say that I am old. Some persons say I am a sour old fellow; some that I'm crusty; but most persons say so because, when they're asked, they really do n't like to confess that they do n't know any thing at all about me, which would be the truth, so they say something unkind with a knowing leer, which passes as a certificate of old acquaintance. But what care I? My little nieces do n't think so; and if any know Uncle Jeff, they do. Often and often they have asked me why I am not married, and as my answers were always evasive, they at last made up some tale of 'romantic attachment,' to satisfy their own inquiries. Now my little Frances or Fanny would 'hurt no one by word or deed,' and hearing that her little fiction pained me, she seemed so grieved, poor child, that I determined to tell her the truth, and as I have told her, why may I not tell you? Though many a chord may ache as I jar it by this recital; yet on the whole, when it's all over, I shall feel what in expressive Western language would be, 'abominably refreshed.' So here goes:

When I was a wild young fellow of nineteen, I had the luck, call it not good or ill till this brief page be read, of meeting with Ned Seaton, also a native of my city; for as mine I shall ever regard Baltimore, even should another score of years pass by without beholding it. To

him I always had confided my feelings, and the confidence was fully returned. Owing to some severe losses, my father was obliged to live in a style far more humble than had been his former fortune to afford, and so keenly sensitive was he on the subject of his altered means, that he would admit no play-fellow, either of mine or of my sister, within our walls. Ned knew this, and was the only friend I had ; but as his friendship had been contracted since our change in life, even he had never seen the home to which a father welcomed me ; for though rigid in his orders, he was ever kind to Fanny and to me. As for her, gentle girl, she never left the house, except with father, and then veiled more as be seemed a nun than a maiden of eighteen. Friend she had not, and no mother had we to guide our steps, in that turning-point of life. Unknown, and, except by me, almost uncared for, Fanny had grown beautiful, and the awkward child had rounded into the woman, calm, dignified, and thoughtful.

Ned, a year older than myself, would try to enliven my sad moods by telling me of the gayeties of the world, and I in turn would relate them to Fanny, to cheer her loneliness. At length, hearing me talk so much about him, created in her mind a wish to know the indirect means of so much of her happiness ; but on venturing to express the wish my father sternly forbade me to repeat his idle news, and reiterated his command to me, never to bring him into the house. About a month after this, my father's condition in life improved, the recovery of a bank which had involved him, enabled us to reside in a house better suited to my father's taste, and in our former neighborhood.

While under the pleasurable influence of his good fortune, my father voluntarily released us from the veto he had put on our mingling with society. 'Now, children,' said he, for so he had always called us, 'you may go to your little merry-makings, if you have the heart to do so when you can't come back in your own carriage, as I have always hoped you might, long before this time.' Then, seeing he was beginning to brood over his misfortunes again, we quickly changed the subject. Feeling more cheerful than I had done for months, nay years, I ran to Ned, my second self, and told him the good news. I really think it pleased him as much, if not more, than me. When I told him I could now go into company, he again congratulated me, then looked thoughtful an instant, and then shaking hands with me, excused himself and walked quickly away. When I reached home, Fanny met me at the door and handed me a little note, the counterpart of which she held in her hand, opened and read. Her whole face was beaming with pleasure ; so as the shortest way to find out what it meant, I read mine. It was an invitation from Ned, a party given to us for the evening next but one. Of course we accepted. Would to God that party had never taken place ! But I am anticipating. The evening came, I was sick ; but not to disappoint Fanny, I took her, and then, begging Ned to aid her in embarrassments incident to a *début*, and on his promising to see her safely home, I returned, and soon after retired. As I learned afterward from Ned's own lips, she was the star of the evening ; her familiarity with literature made her at home on every topic, and the novelty of her position made no difference in her actions, for she was uncon-

scious of the admiration her beauty and wit excited. Among the gay throng was a young man about Ned's age, who was among the number of her devotees; seeing that his attentions were not distasteful, he made them more pointed, until he finally requested permission to visit her, and obtained a sufficient permission to warrant, in his own eyes at least, his so doing. Well, time passed on. Ned openly avowed to our little Fanny his feelings of love, which a lengthened acquaintance had given rise to. The other young man also continued his visits, and in a less open way declared to her that he felt she must be his, and made a formal avowal.

Wherever she went his basilisk eyes were upon her; it seemed as though she had lost all free-agency. Ned was almost wild, until one day in autumn he received his sentence from her own lips; 'she loved him well, but she loved another,' (he of the basilisk eye,) 'and on him she intended to bestow her hand.' 'Did her heart go too?' asked my little niece; she knew not she spoke of her own mother, so I answered not. I had dreaded the effects this announcement would have on his sensitive mind, (for I had been asked to take the message to him, but could not.) I had feared that the wild passions he possessed would burst from his Christian control; but no, he became unnaturally calm; no tear came to his relief; he hovered like a phantom around them, 'unseen, yet forever at hand;' then he silently withdrew to the vast solitudes in the far South-West. About this time our father died; my sister was married, ay, married, and to *him* who had driven Ned away, and was about to drive me. We could not live asunder, so I traced his course till I found him wasting away, a mere shadow, in a sea-port of the Gulf of Mexico. I watched with him till he died: his last words were: 'Take care of Fanny, shield her from harm, and never let her know who hastened my career. God have mercy on us all.' I have often thought, as I smoked the pipe of reflection, how much his career was like that same pipe, affording amusement and solace to those who appreciated him, and now his spirit departed as the delicate line of blue smoke vanishes into thin air, and where he once was, there now remain ashes, ashes, ashes!

But I shall soon finish. Over his grave I vowed a single life; and to forget the harrowing grief of his loss, plunged into mercantile pursuits. I was fortunate, and came home with enough to provide for my few wants. I discovered that Fanny's husband had been unsuccessful, retired to a neighboring city, and there died, leaving his wife the mother of two children, and unprovided for. I purchased a house and furnished it, and to it took my sister and her little charges.

They do not well recollect their father, and are to me a great comfort, happy in their ignorance of the shallowness of the world. Perhaps I am crusty, but not to them. I know I look older than I am, but exposure has caused that. Mayhap I did wrong to tell them the tale I have told you, even with names and places fictitiously supplied: one good thing which has been its fruit, I cannot but relate. My little Fanny had the courage to check a thoughtless lady who scornfully demanded: '*Did you ever see a broken-hearted man?*'

T O T H E S P R I N G F L O W E R S .

BY JACQUES MAURICE.

O SPRING-TIME FLOWERS! with your light scented breath
And fairy shape, when will ye come?
Winter is well-nigh dumb,
For his brave voice is whispering now of death:
And the meek snow is going quietly,
Stealing away: see, yonder cloud
Its spirit doth enshroud;
The stars' cold twinkle is e'enmost laid by,
And CYNTHIA smiles among them lovingly
All the night long.

Nature makes ready for ye, gentle flowers,
While her slow dial counts the hours
That, all too numerous, throng
Before the one close-linked to your birth.
Where lurks your balmy hidden breath,
That I may o'er the earth
And breathe unto the leaves that essence pure;
So they be saved from death,
And for a while your loss endure!

But ye will surely wake to me, O flowers!
And your sweet presence, like the sun
Hailing a day begun,
Shall mark the dawn of Beauty. Gentle showers
Your leaves with tears may oft bedew;
While each so glorious hue
Of their high-arching bow, late hung in air,
Shall fade in envy of your charms more fair.

Come quickly, then;
Winning a glance from the great kingly sun,
A kiss from every milder one,
Even from lordly men;
Whom, if too rude, with dying breath ye bless.
Come in the morn, while earliest light
To perfect day doth press,
As ye to perfect beauty; or the moon
May call you from the night
With gentle urgency, all too soon.

And then, of all the incense ripe for Heaven,
Yours shall take sweetest precedence;
And call from thence
Angelic breath, which the whole day shall leaven,
Making it good to breathe the air:
While men shall think the fair
And delicate blossom, bursting at your side,
A link to Heaven which earth may not divide.

April, 1852.

The Hut.

BY HENRY J. BRENT.

CHAPTER NINTH.

THERE is no echo to the rifle's quick discharge. It startles for an instant, as if it smote through a thin wall of glass, shivering it into splinters. The victim hears it not. The pathway of the ball and its effect is like the speed and the blow of the lightning. The flash and the bolt are mingled in a second's space, and the spirit, whose tabernacle it has riven, stands at once in the halls of the eternity. Death is always about in the woods, when the rifle sends its crackling yelp through its recesses. As unerring in a practised hand as cause and effect can be, it speaks but once, and as it speaks, destroys.

The American's rifle is a disease in itself, and when it has spread into an epidemic of war, wo to the most wary who come within its range. Once upon a time, in a far foreign city over the sea, I shot with some gentlemen, rifle the weapon, for a ruby ring. I won it in three shots, without a rest. I had scarcely ever before raised a loaded rifle to my shoulder, but I had talked some little, perhaps vain-glorious boasting, of our American skill with the toy, and I therefore was called upon to win. Had I failed, I almost fancy now that I would have declared that paralysis was hereditary in my family, and that I had had a sudden attack, and forthwith started for Australia to try the climate for the complaint. I however won the ruby ring, and confirmed my bragging stories of my Southern brethren. At that time I shot no more. In the eyes of those credulous foreigners my laurels have never faded, and probably to this day I am quoted as the great American shot. Heaven help the mark !

So when Sampson and I heard the rifle-shot, we knew that something was going on, that probably after the scene we had been so recently engaged in, it would be better that we should look into. We had left the Indian, Rude Keller, and old Mike behind us. Keller was unarmed when he parted from us, and Mike's prayer-book was impotent even against a butterfly. Benny Brown had the weapon that could alone utter the shrill ring that had snapped against our ears ; and as we hurried back upon our footsteps, conjectures rose in my mind as to the necessity that induced the old man to resort to his defence. That he had not offered an attack, I felt convinced.

We had left Mike, book in hand, seated, as he appears in the last chapter, beneath the time-stained rock, and the over-hanging autumn-trees, with the wild leaves all around him, each imparting to him some tender sentiment that became, in the crucible of his religious temperament, a new theme of contemplation, a Gospel of his worship. The Cross of the SAVIOUR has no truer follower than the poor negro of our

Southern lands. Calvary, to his imagination, is an idea grand and awful, and HE who died upon its summit, gentle, oh ! gentler far than the philosophies that have sprung from his unsophistic lips, would sometimes teach us to suppose.

This humble negro was no exception to a rule that runs parallel with social humility ; but rather confirms the idea, that the simpler the creed and the closer it is allied to our natures, the simpler and more natural are the characters of those who profess it truly. In these days of so much popular error, it is not wrong, I think, in me, to add my humble convictions to the truth.

Dear old Mike had started to his feet, and with grievous apprehension depicted on his face, exclaimed, as we drew near :

‘Master, there’s mischief about here !’

‘Let us go and see what it is and where it is. It may be nothing more than the shot of old Benny at the snake-killer,’ I answered, hoping for the best.

‘There’s no deers bout now, young Massa, for they don’t come where people quarrel and fight in the woods. Old Benny shot no deer then ;’ and so we went on with hurried steps, trusting soon to arrive at the solution of the cause of our alarm.

A few moments and we had reached the spot where we had last seen the Indian ; but he was no longer there. Farther on we went, and peering through the half-denuded branches, I could see no trace of him. All was still as death : noiseless were the woods : our hurrying steps alone, ’mid the withered leaves, disturbing the silence that wrapt the solemn scene.

The solemn scene was full of devilment.

Old Mike, Sampson, and I, went on. Mike leading, he of the book, like a missionary making smooth the path, showing clear the way, before the white and the black man alike. Toward the Indian’s cabin we now directed our steps ; for Mike, with great woodcraft, said he could see that Benny had passed along swiftly through the leaves, homeward bent. Was it for an asylum ? We will find out by-and-by, for we will follow the man who had for our sakes incurred the malice of the ruffian.

No more gun-shots in the woods ; no sound of fleeing feet ; no cry of pain ; no shout of triumph ; all silent, and no clue to the sudden discharge of the fatal weapon. We will find the Indian’s cabin, and there, perhaps, find out the meaning of it all. How glad was I, that I had brought the rifle with me ; and how powerful did old Sampson look, striding as if with the vigor of his prime, and now and then waving, as he would a wand, the hawthorn club above his head.

Suddenly Mike stopped and examined the leaves with great care and attention. ‘Two, three, four, bless us, there’s four people more than Benny in the trail.’ These are running tracks, Massa, and they all goes one way, straight after the Indian,’ exclaimed the old man, after he had finished his scrutiny. ‘Then we will hurry on and make it equal,’ I said ; and on we went, my two sable companions exhibiting an energy and speed in the pursuit that showed they felt the necessity of the extra exertion, and also a firm determination to stand by their red brother in his hour of need.

We had been running on for ten or fifteen minutes when, through an opening in the woods, I caught sight of the cabin we were in search of. All about it was as hushed as if no human being had inhabited it for years ; but Mike assured us that the Indian had just passed over the path, and I concluded that he was safely lodged within his fortress.

We all stopped at once, in order to take those observations natural to us under the emergency.



BENNY BROWN'S CABIN.

For myself, I looked for some signal from the inmate ; listened to hear the bark of the inevitable Indian dog ; to see the thin veil of smoke issuing from the culinary column ; but none of these signs were manifested, and the deepest silence, and the most perfect absence of life, slept over the place. I then looked around for some evidences of the neighborhood of Rude Keller, and those others whom he had doubtless called to his assistance in his scheme of mischief. No out-house was there to conceal them. The trees with their huge trunks, might have afforded them shelter, and the luxuriant undergrowth was ample screen for their concealment ; yet there were no movements that I could detect of persons watching us from the convenient ambush of the tree-

trunk, or the thick shrubbery. The door of the cabin was closed, and the latch-string hung on the outside.

The cabin was simple enough in structure, simple, and yet it had an air of wild woodland comfort about it, that led me to attribute to Benny a sentiment of taste in the selection of the scene, and also in the construction of his habitation. But that is natural to the Indian. Of rough logs was it made, and there was an absence of regularity in the roof, a picturesqueness in the manner of its drooping porch, in the very skins of animals that were drying against the gable, in the tall and dappled trees that swung their branches hither and thither in the air around his dwelling, that gave to it an impression of quiet beauty, that is enough of itself alone, without more artificial circumstances, to lend a grace to the rudest fabric we may erect for our homestead.

While I was almost unconsciously receiving these impressions, my companions were otherwise and more practically employed. Mike had advanced toward the house, so that he would not be seen by any person who might be placed behind the door on the inside; at least, such I concluded was his object, as I saw him carefully taking a half-circle so as to make his advance upon the side on which was the porch, or stoop. His movements were watched with a degree of quiet confidence by Sampson, and I readily enough concluded that they were both sufficiently wise in the circumstances to act as became the occasion. When Mike had reached a cluster of trees that stood mid-way between the cabin and our halting-place, he stopped suddenly, and very soon I lost sight of him altogether.

'Sampson, has old Mike gone over to the enemy?' I laughingly inquired of my only remaining ally.

Once more I saw the droll smile steal over Sampson's face, and again the chuckle broke from his lips, and the direction of his eyes was so significant, that I almost understood, without language, the whole scope of the idea he meant to express; at least, so I thought at the moment; but I was mistaken. There was much more in Mike's movements than I could have dreamt of, as the end will show.

'Them's two very cunning old men, Massa, old Mike and Benny Brown. You and me just wait here a little while, and we'll soon see what the red and the black skins are going to do. Don't you hear something now? Listen, Massa, listen mighty close.' I listened so close that I heard my heart beat, and the click of my watch sounded as loud to my excited ear as the pendulum of a city-clock. The woodpecker played upon his hollow drum in a neighboring tree, and the unwritten, but much written of, music of the woods, lapsed through the still air, like the breathings deep and unagitated of a reposing deity. 'I hear nothing, Sampson, save my watch and the woodpecker, and the wind in the wood.'

Another low chuckle, and then he placed one hand upon my arm, and pointed with the other, to the clump of trees, amid whose shadows and thick interlacings old Mike had disappeared.

'Massa's ears is younger than mine — can't he hear nothin' now?'

I bent all my attention to the task, and I was surprised that I had not before caught a low grating noise that seemed to issue suppressedly

but continuously from the clump. The sound was low, but not so low that now, my attention being drawn directly to it, I could not distinguish the peculiar cutting noise of a saw. Any one casually passing the spot at the distance we were from it, would not have distinguished it, in all probability ; but being once heard by me, and knowing the peculiar circumstances of the case, my ears could hear no other sound, save that steady, careful, and now unmistakable noise.

‘Massa, does the wind blow hard in the tree-tops?’ Another chuckle, that seemed to go up and down the collar of the old gray coat, and then to fly around the cape, and finally to settle about the mouth of Sampson, as he put the question to me.

‘Only in the top of one tree, Sampson,’ I replied, ‘and it is very queer that it blows only among the branches of a dead tree at that. But what does all this mean, my friend? What is Mike about, and where is the Indian? Where is any body?’

‘Massa see bime-by. Them’s two very cunning old critters, any how. Reckon as how Rude Keller wont catch Benny as easy as the deer caught the rattle-snake. Massa, does you know Benny’s a real Injin?’ The last part of his remark was made in a tone of great gravity, as if he would impress me with the fact that old Benny’s being an Indian, was synonymous with all that was bold in action, or profound in strategy. The motion in the tree-top ceased as suddenly as it had commenced, and with it ceased the noise of the saw. This tree was a lightning-smitten oak, and stood not more than forty or fifty feet from the rear of the cabin, or at least, that part of the cabin that was the most distant from us.

It was not long before Mike reappeared from the screen of leaves and branches in which he had been engaged in his mysterious occupation, and as he approached the place where we were standing, I observed that his face had assumed an increased seriousness, serious as it was always. He gave one look of intelligence at Sampson, and then gazing up at the top of the withered oak, his eyes fell to the ground, and then rested upon the cabin. There was the carpenter’s eye-measurement in that look, and a cunning calculation it was, done with an exactness and precision worthy of a more learned engineer. Having assured himself that his view was correct, he led the way directly to the door of the cabin, and pulling the latch, without farther ceremony we followed him across the threshold.

It was a plain place into which we entered, but the floor was of clean plank-boards, and the interstices of the walls were filled with mud long since dry and firm, offering a seasonable and efficacious resistance to rain and cold. A large chimney-place yawned at the farther extremity of the solitary apartment, and on a crank was suspended by the aid of one of those juvenile representatives of incipient penmanship, a large black iron-pot. A fire smouldered among the ashes, and in one of the corners lay, as in profound and philosophic repose, a very sensible animal, known in natural history as an Indian’s dog. A dog without the slightest curiosity he must have been, and, to all appearances, destitute of common civility, for our approach created neither the sentiment of surprise or of hospitality. When my eyes got accustomed to the dim

light of the room, I discovered that this worthy animal had his head carefully rested upon his fore-legs, and that his eyes were fixed in vigilant observation upon our party. It was Mike's familiar step which had assured him in his state of quiet and dignified indifference, leaving him nothing to do at present but await with the calm patience of a higher order of being, whatever might occur, reserving probably to himself the right to decide at what moment he should bring the weight of his personal character to bear upon whatever matter might come to hand.

The room into which we had entered seemed to be the only one in the cabin, but that was not so. At the corner of the chimney-place was a recess, which I soon afterward discovered, led into a small apartment, pierced by a single light, and which could command the approach to the place on the side opposite the entrance. Whether the small opening in the logs was so intended, or whether it was semi-artistically meant to allow a ray of golden sun-shine in upon a rich display of furs, I cannot tell, but the place seemed to be appropriated to the gathered triumphs of the chase, triumphs that constituted Benny's wealth as well as his glory.

Let me go back into the room where Mike and Sampson were.

The former had approached the fire-place with the never-slumbering instinct of his race, and was already busy among the embers, and not in vain endeavoring to awaken from them a blaze by which to warm his old African blood.

Sampson was standing by the door, looking through an aperture in the wall, and recalled to my mind the picture of some old warrior watching the approach of foemen from the loop-hole of his turret.

I was the first to break the singular taciturnity into which my companions had fallen.

'Tell me, my brave heroes, why did not that dog bark?'

I had scarcely uttered the question when the individual particularly referred to, undertook to answer it himself.

First he began with a low growl, as if Mike's brightening flame, or increasing smoke disturbed his meditations, and then followed a gradual getting up of the whole body upon its four legs, and anon an ear was cocked up so as to allow free ingress of sound, and now a subdued yelp, hound-like, was given, and the next moment, bristling with fully awakened senses, the faithful and heretofore quiescent beast crossed rapidly the floor, and with low mutterings, stood by the entrance where Sampson had been watching.

'Cause he hadent nothing to bark about, young Massa,' replied Mike, looking up from the blazing faggots, and while he pointed to the dog, standing in the attitude of vigilant guardianship at the door, he added: 'People are coming that Hunter do n't know whether he'll like or not.'

'Where is Benny?' I asked of Mike; 'is he up the chimney, or has he hidden himself?'

'Benny is Indian, Massa, and Indian loves the woods better than the house. But listen! Benny aint far from those bad white trash that are coming up to the door.'

Sampson at this instant drew the bolt, and all was again hushed

CHAPTER TENTH.

THE sun was not far from the horizon, and I could not but feel that he was about descending to his couch tranquilly, after a day well spent ; a day all perfect in its balm, with scarce a cloud blown across the face of the great luminary ; a day of usefulness, for not a breath was drawn in that rich autumn day, but bore upon its wings health to the inhaler ; no shrub had withered on the moor, or plant been torn from the hill-side by the wild, cold wind destroying. Up in the firmament all had been at rest ; down on the earth all had been steeped, flooded with light and benediction. The streams had babbled their infant prattling and chased around the rocks and roots of trees the buoyant bubbles filled with air, till with a kiss and a tiny sprinkle they broke and vanished from the laughing waters. The GOOD ALMIGHTY had placed his blue seal upon the sky, and now, when the day was passing off, HE smiled His gentlest smile around the land and all was calm.

'The winds were hushed on Pondus, and the day,
Balmed by a thousand sweets, had died away,
The wave beneath, the laurel on the hill,
Basked in the heaven's blue beauty and were still.'

Out in that wild, half-inhabited region, as well as in the densely populated cities ; out in that deep forest, where naught but peace should have existed, as well as in those dark corners of the world, where naught should have existed at all but shadows and the harmless lights breaking in upon the shadow and the noiseless gloom ; out here in these profound paths, leading here and there and everywhere, here and there by gray rocks and flower-covered lawnlets, and everywhere by retreats of silence and solitude ; there existed even in the hushed holiness of the sun-setting and twilighting hour, crime, as dark in its intent as ever through the lanes and broad thoroughfares of cities it had uttered its magic cry of horror and curiosity.

The dog kept muttering at the door, and Sampson steadily watched with eye and ear the approach of the guests we all expected.

'Massa,' said Mike, in a low tone, almost a whisper, 'please do n't stand before the door.'

I had approached the door and was standing there awaiting the outward salutation upon its boards from the hand of the person whose feet we had heard a moment before by the threshold. As I did not immediately heed the half-advice, half-command of the old man, he repeated it and added :

'Rude will shoot through the door, Master, if he can't get in peaceable.'

'It isent Rude, Mike. The old brown mare is tied to the cedar branch,' and as he spoke Sampson turned to me and by a sign signified his wish that I would look at Mike.

'Then how comes that dog to go on so ?' asked Mike. 'Don't he know good feet from a hoof ?' Mike was witty at the expense of Rude Keller, a species of black wit that cast a shadow deep and impressive upon the moral character of that individual, for the allusion was to him.

As Mike spoke, he rose and hastened across the room, and pushing the bolt aside, boldly advanced over the sill. About two feet from the door stood a tall figure, with a broad-rimmed, black felt hat upon its head; a black over-coat covered a thin but not a feeble-looking person; black trowsers, with boots drawn over them at the feet, and in one of his buck-skin gloved hands he held a switch, that served him for a riding-whip. The rim of his hat was so broad that I could not well distinguish the features of the stranger, but I could not fail to observe that his face was pale, and carelessly around his head fell long locks, sprinkled with gray. With a voice that sounded kindly, more than kindly, he spoke to old Mike, to whom at the same time he offered his outstretched hand. He then entered the cabin, and as he entered, he turned and with the manner of an accomplished gentleman, took his hat from his head and bowed to me.

It was then that I had an opportunity in the light afforded by the as yet unfaded beams that lingered in the west, and which being suddenly admitted into the increasing gloom of the cabin, seemed to acquire an additional force from the contrast, to examine the face of the person who had so unexpectedly and unannounced made his appearance upon the scene of our adventure.

The forehead was broad and noble; there was deep thought stamped upon its ample map; and beneath brows that from their size gave a sombre look to the whole face, were a pair of luminous eyes, full of expression, an expression that while it penetrated the beholder, did not attempt to conceal from him any thing in the character of their possessor. His whole countenance was one in which could be discovered at a glance, firmness, repose, and all the gentle feelings that go to the adornment of that noblest combination of human existence, a man and a gentleman. I was not left long in doubt as to the character of this individual, for as he stepped into the Indian's cabin, he made the sign of the cross before him, and as he did so, both Sampson and old Mike bowed their heads, as if the sign could send a blessing as it passed with the priest's hand through the air of the apartment.

Priest of the Catholic faith I at once knew him to be, and humble worshipper of the same creed I had before known Mike to be from the book he treasured so religiously as his guide. The Catholic priests were common in the Middle States of the Union from their earliest settlement, having been sent out with Lord Baltimore, and since his time they had not ceased to attend the people as missionaries, and the landed gentry as chaplains, distributing whatever there might be of truth in their doctrines, and of consolation in their ministry, with a zealous and untiring industry. To them the negroes on the plantations looked for spiritual instruction, for they were free to pass from property to property, from cabin to cabin of the dusky servants of the soil, and they wielded an immense influence over those simple-minded and naturally good-hearted people. They were the missionaries of religious faith, not of political dogmas, and to this day, at this hour, the priest and the priest's horse are welcomed to mansion-house, and hut, and stable, with feelings of appreciative hospitality, and in most cases, unbounded reverence.

Let it be understood now and hereafter, that I do not intend in any thing that I may have to say in these pages upon the character and conduct of the priest, whom it is necessary that I should introduce to my readers, to take part in any politico-religious controversy, that the unsatisfied and forever to be unsatisfied Christian disputants of the day may have in hand, for the amusement, if not for the advantage, of mankind. Controversy, let me add, in my judgment, is no better in the general family of man than in the more circumscribed circles of private life. The scene of my story lies in a land where I know all that I write will be understood, and I hope that all my gentle readers will waive whatever of unhappy prejudices they may have formed and follow me in these simple lines, trusting themselves to my guidance for a short time, and believing that if I cannot make them better, I certainly will not make them worse. With tender feelings in my heart for all, of all opinions, please take my hand in friendship and I will tell you my story.

'Massa,' said old Sampson, as my nearest friend, and claiming the right of introduction, 'this is old Mas Billy's friend.'

'Every body else's friend,' added Mike.

'May we be friends?' said the priest, extending his now uncovered hand to me. There was no mistaking the manner of my response, and that manner has never changed on my part, and never will. He pressed my quickly-extended hand, and holding it tightly in his own, gazed into my face with an expression of countenance so full of all things that my heart desired, that I knew at once his friendship would become a prayer in itself for my good and a guide to my well-doings. From that day to this, Father Thomas and I have lived out here in these wild woods, he teaching me paths through the mountain wilderness and paths through the world's deep mysteries, and I rendering in return the homage of a heart, served well by him in its hour of need.

We had not time left us for conversation, for at that moment the dog, who had been standing with great composure, and apparently to all intents and purposes, enjoying the benediction that the priest had extended as a general thing to us all, commenced a series of operations on his own hook, and according to his own ideas of what was best to be done. He seemed to understand that something was to be done by him particularly, and very particularly to be done, and thus he did it. He walked over to the priest, and examined his legs with police-like scrutiny, and being fully satisfied that they were orthodox legs and boots, he took his departure for the fur-room, where lay the joint trophies of himself and Benny, and no doubt fully satisfied himself that they were nothing but the discarded garments of his former adversaries, with many of whose original wearers he had had some pretty severe tugs and tumbles in their life-time. During his absence, Mike remarked that something was going on outside of the cabin, while to judge from the actions of the dog, from whose conduct Mike took his opinion, I could but conclude that something was going on within the place. The patient priest asked no questions, probably long accustomed to the ways of the two old men and the dog.

The latter took up his state of excitement, under which he tried to

climb upon a very narrow stool that stood beneath the small window on the porch side of the room, but in which effort unfortunately he missed his foot-hold and had the satisfaction of finding himself sprawling upon the floor, which attitude, however, he did not long allow himself to enjoy, but instantly sprang to his feet, determined to retrieve by some desperate effort his late overthrow. To effect this object, he made straightway for the door, which had been left slightly ajar after the entrance of the priest.

'Stop the dog!' exclaimed Mike; but he spoke too late, for the worthy Hunter had made safe his egress and was free to pursue at leisure his own well-digested plan of operations.

Those plans, whatever they were, met with a speedy interruption, that produced from him an exclamation more of astonishment than any other sentiment, and induced the animal to seek again the shelter of the cabin. He returned, however, with feelings deeply wounded and with increased energy of conduct. A series of growls, savage and uninterrupted, succeeded, at some offending and offensive person, who, we were led to suppose, had inflicted a blow or kick upon the dog just as he had escaped the threshold. So far as it was possible, I determined to unravel this mystery, and though opposed by both Mike and Sampson, I advanced to the door-way intending to go forth, when suddenly, just as I was in the act of accomplishing my intention, a loud knock sounded on the panel, and a rough voice asked if Benny Brown was in.

I threw the door wide open, and there, unaccompanied so far as we could see, stood Rude Keller. With an undaunted face he walked boldly into the room. His eyes ran rapidly over the group assembled within its limits.

'You are all here,' he exclaimed; 'but where is the Indian? I want to see him.'

'He do n't want to see you, Rude Keller, and he do n't go after you to find you. He do n't want you here; and you do n't come here for no good, either. Rude Keller, who shot the gun to-day in the woods?'

As Mike spoke, a deep, angry scowl gathered on the bad white man's face, and scarcely looking at Mike, but rather at me, he said: 'This man fired at the deer to-day; no one else fired but him.'

'Some body fired after I fired to-day, and, whoever it was, he aimed his shot at the Indian.'

'Not me, not me,' said Rude quickly, as if assuming that my remark applied directly to him. 'You know well enough that I had no gun all the morning, else you never would have got off as you did.'

'That same thought, Rude Keller, made you shoot at Benny after we had left the place. Where now, I ask you, are your friends who with you followed the Indian to this cabin, and from whom you got the gun? Tell me, I say, where are your friends?'

My manner, from being perfectly calm, had become vehement; and Rude paused and eyed me for some seconds before he replied.

'Angry again,' he said at length, 'and about nothing. You are quick-tempered, neighbor, a little too quick for us folks out here, but not quick enough to scare me with big words and big looks. I tell you once for

all, that nobody followed the Indian. I tell you no one ; no friends of mine, and not me. Will that satisfy you ?'

Confident of the fact that Benny had been followed, and followed by Rude and his lawless, wood-stealing companions, and thinking that it would be useless to force the truth from the leader of the gang, I pretended to fall into the line he wished to place me in, and tacitly admitted that I gave credence to his denial, not caring to notice the offensive style in which the denial was made to me personally.



RUDE KELLER.

Rude had now seated himself upon the stool which the dog had found too slippery for his feet, and with a forced effort at pleasantry, intended to throw us off our guard, began asking old Mike how many furs Benny had in his store-room. 'Because,' said he, 'I'm going on to New-York, and I can turn an honest penny for the Indian if he will let me take a pack along.'

'Turn an honest penny,' repeated Sampson half to himself with his old chuckle that satirized the idea of Keller's turning an honest penny under any circumstances.

Keller did not miss the meaning of the old gentleman's manner, as was evident by the look he bestowed upon that doubting individual.

Whatever motive prompted his conduct, he did not allow himself to resent the offence more openly, but with a forced smile upon his face, he went back to his original idea of getting Benny to intrust the furs to him for future disposal.

Old Mike had resumed his place by the fire-side, the flame from which now mounted into a steady and cheerful blaze, threw a broad flood of light over the scene. The priest had seated himself upon some rude piece of furniture, and was plunged in prayer or worldly meditation, while I still kept my standing position by the door, which Sampson had quietly bolted after the entrance of Keller. The dog lay by Mike's feet, watching the latter personage as he would have watched a bear or other animal of his peculiar dislike.

To Rude Keller's second reference to the furs, Mike, without raising his head, or taking his admiring gaze from the crackling hickory logs, replied: 'The red skin you want to find in that room, Rude Keller, aint there, and can't be bought any way.'

A quiet smile lit up the solemn face of our modern minor Paul; and ere Keller could reply, a loud report was heard outside the cabin, and then a wild yell, and then upon the instant came a united cry of pain and terror from voices by the door, mingled with crackling branches.

'They are swept clean off!' exclaimed Mike, while Rude Keller, with his face rigid as death, raised his head and looked the very picture of fury toward the entrance of the cabin.

THE FAIRY MIRROR.

The morning dew was glittering on the flowers,
A mist was floating from the lake;
It was that heavenliest of hours,
When little birds begin to wake,
To move, and murmur a half-finished tune,
Uncertain as to whether waking,
Upon so bright a morn in June,
Was not on their part a mistaking.

There was a noiseless kind of sound,
So quiet that you *felt*, not heard, it;
As if the spirit of the ground
Had unintentionally stirred it:
The fleecy clouds above were still,
On the blue lake there seemed no motion;
Nor even on the distant hill:
Nature had drunk a sleeping potion.
A leaf alone from an old tree,
As if it brought some angel's message,
Fell gently, and it seemed to me
A good, a fair, a heavenly presage.
I caught it: in its very heart
Rested a drop of morning-dew:
I looked, I could not check the start:
Whom saw I there? — dear friend, 't was *you*!

Detroit, July 3d, 1856.

V. N. O.

JOHN BRIMMER.

BY KIT KELVIN.

'AND the driving is like the driving of JEHU, the son of NIMSHI, for he driveth furiously.'
II. KINGS.

JOHN BRIMMER wished to be considered a fast young man. In some respects he was. He coveted another appellation — to be a 'brick.' The town knows what this means, and being a very abnormal, angular, and defective part of speech, an explanation would be diminishing the spicy merit of this substantive. There is some respectability attached to the phrase, which is admitted by all; but use it in another sense, and the metamorphosis is beastly. For instance, he has a brick in his hat. There is, likewise, no necessity for defining this term. It is better appreciated than classified.

Now John Brimmer wished to be ranked as a 'brick.' But he was not. He did not wish to have it generally known that he carried this Israelitish curse in his hat; but he did. At the same time, he hoped his own fellows would be cognizant of the fact that he could waistcoat as many toddies as any of those who regularly rendezvoused at —'s.

John Brimmer was a modern, a genuine 'young 'un.' The down on his lip was not beard, but he wished it was. It was more of the squab order of adornment than hirsute. Symmetrically moulded was he, after the pure style of architecture, Shanghai — a perfect Apollo of this school. A cold, gray eye; a colorless cheek; a 'rising sun' attitude; legs close reefed by Nature and improved by the tailor, like economically dipped tallowes exposed to a July sun; a hat slightly upon the port side of his caput; boots that came to a premature end at the toe; cravat *à la* studding sails, with a gait that evidenced a chase after knee-pans. John Brimmer was encased in the present age uniform, for all the world like that of a charity-school. His appearance was like a starved crow, with more caw than flesh. The over-coat that he wore would have admirably answered foraging purposes in length; but the waist was playing too much bo-peep with the collar to tell of the battle and the breeze. His mother used to call him Johnny dear; and he was under a physician's charge most of the time, poor boy. Mrs. Brimmer was a weak, vain, and foolish woman, with a gaudy show of jewelry and flounced silks. She had been made wife to one who 'married in haste to repent at leisure' — poor Mr. Brimmer!

Perfectly acquainted with his son, Mr. Brimmer knew he could make nothing of him, but was fully aware that the boy would make of himself a jackass. Mr. Brimmer was, consequently, slightly indifferent and reckless in his paternal position. If he spoke of John as a silly, foppish boy, he was met with the response, that 'Johnny was young and must be humored.'

Brimmer, Senior, was a sensible man, and eventually came to a conclusion, that the mother taint was far the stronger, and his son's nature

could not be changed, and likewise, that John would unquestionably 'go to the devil.' In this he was essentially correct, but not without severe attempts to bury destiny in a deep grave, without a resurrection.

John had been sent to the country to commence his education. His books were costly bound, with his name in gilt, like prayer-books seen through stained glass; his room fitted and prepared for comfort; his locker stored with delicacies, such as ginger-root, sweet-meats, port-wine, potted meats, and a supply of eggs. A fishing-rod and tackle in one corner and a Ducker in the other. A revolver and a small silver-handled dagger lay upon the table, with several small glass bottles, marked 'West End,' 'Mille de Fleur,' 'Jenny Lind,' and 'Spring Flowers.' But it was of no use. Concentration Johnny did not delight in, and too much study preyed upon his health. A champagne supper and a case of Burgundy brought from the village medical a letter addressed to William Brimmer, Esq., merchant, representing John Brimmer's constitution not sufficiently strong to endure, as yet, a course of studies, and in case it was persisted in, the grave would cover its victim. With this John returned to town, after disbursing his fancy effects to his numerous admiring friends, by way of gifts, and drawing a sight-draft on William Brimmer, Esq., alias, the 'old governor,' for his six months' expenses. The draft was paid by a check drawn and a deep-drawn sigh. John's cunning carried the day, for it could not be supposed that any parent, in the face of such a document, would be so unnatural as to murder his son by hasting him back to resume his studies.

Mrs. Brimmer was piteous and sympathizing, but took John the same evening to a large and fashionable party, and did not return until three in the morning. John was 'overcome;' but then he did it in a gentlemanly way, and all young men are indiscreet sometimes. This was quite an achievement for Johnny, for immediately after and following it for weeks, did he plunge into excesses with a blind recklessness, which was duly appreciated by the right ones, and crowned John with the wreath of a fast young blood. It also crowned him with marble.

In a cemetery, inclosed with an iron railing, struts skyward, an elaborate monument. Upon the base is carved the name Brimmer. Above is recorded in great brevity the demise of William Brimmer, Esq., merchant. Just around the other side, in deeply traced gilt letters, you read:

'MATERNAL AFFECTION
HANDS DOWN
TO POSTERITY
THE NAME OF

J o h n B r i m m e r ,

WHO DIED MAY 14TH, 18—. AGED 20 YEARS AND 4 MONTHS.

He leaves an inconsolable widowed mother and a large circle of idolizing friends, who admired him for his talents and loved him for his many virtues. He has been early called from the polluted atmosphere of Earth to the golden streets of Happiness. O ABSALOM! my son! my son!

Poor John faded with consumption, the result of 'his many virtues.' Charity will cover the direct cause of his precocious departure. But it is of no consequence, for the John Brimmers are legion, and an occasional vacancy is not noticed, only by the monument-maker.

M Y L O V E S .

I.

EUGENE is the son of a duke,
And his bearing is noble and high :
His father wears a powdered peruke,
And badges of royalty ;
And servants stand in livery green
With trappings of yellow gold ;
And the duke wears a scimiter polished and keen,
In his girdle's purple fold,
And his long retinue clad in silver and blue :
Oh ! never a fairer sight greeted my view !

II.

Poor CHARLES is a laborer's son,
He works on the duke's fine estate,
And when the gay cavalcade rides down the run,
He stands and holds open the gate :
And he wears a jacket of home-spun cloth,
And a cap with a crimson band,
And his collar is white as the sea-wave's froth
When it breaks on the shining strand :
And his voice is low as the winds that go
O'er the sun-set mountains, to-and-fro.

III.

Lord EUGENE has a hazel brown eye
And a brow like the lily bell,
His hair is a beautiful amber dye,
On his lips red roses dwell ;
And he rides on a steed as black as night,
With a saddle of azure silk ;
And the hand that guides the steed aright
Is whiter and fairer than milk :
And he's first in the race and brave in the chase,
And at the gay tournament knight of the place.

IV.

Young CHARLES's heart is both pure and true,
And 't is warm with an earnest light,
And his soul is the one to dare and do,
And battle on for the right :
And o'er his brow is a peaceful calm,
Where Virtue's self is throned,
And angels have planted for him a palm
By waters silver-toned :
He loves well the sod where his forefathers trod,
And a high, holy trust he places in God.

V.

LORD EUGENE for my favor has knelt,
And offered the fortune and name,
The noble hall where his ancestry dwelt,
His ancestry blazoned with fame :
And diamonds, he said, and clear, snowy pearls
Should come on my forehead to rest,
And the topaz and opal should flash 'mid my curls,
And rich ermine fold over my breast ;
And a carriage should wait at the wide castle-gate,
And my life be one round of pomp and high state.

VI.

CHARLIE has given me only his heart ;
Bright jewels he offers me not :
And his carriage will like enough be a rough cart,
His castle a low forest cot :
And ne'er high-bred ladies with courtly grace,
And nobleman lofty in rank,
Shall come with their pageantry, satin, and lace
To that cot on the mossy bank ;
And not ruby wine in gold goblets shall shine,
When a few humble visitors come in to dine.

VII.

LORD EUGENE he is heartless and cold,
He seeks me for beauty and grace :
A man cannot win me by giving me gold,
Or courting my beautiful face :
Adown in my heart it lies deep, very deep,
A chamber all roomy and fair,
The place where my idol in secret I keep,
And LORD EUGENE has never been there :
Let him keep his gold rings with their scorpion stings :
I ask for that happiness wealth never brings !

VIII.

CHARLIE is gentle and loving and kind,
And his soul it is noble and true,
And knowing his nobleness, I never mind
That his jacket 's a home-spun blue.
Adown in my heart it lies deep, very deep,
A chamber all roomy and fair,
The place where my idol in secret I keep,
And CHARLIE is reigning king there !
And sweet will I rest on my CHARLIE'S true breast :
With love and my CHARLIE, I surely am blest !

A MONTH WITH THE BLUE NOSES.

BY FREDERIC S. COZZENS.

Louisburgh — The Great French Fortress — Incidents of the Old French War — Relics of the Siege — Halliburton's Description of the Town — The two Expeditions — A Yankee ruse de guerre : The Rev. Samuel Moody's Grace — Wolfe's Landing — The Fisherman's Hut — The Lost Coaster — The Fisheries — Picton tries his hand at a fish-pugh.

NEARLY a century has elapsed since the fall of Louisburgh. The great American fortress of Louis XV. surrendered to Wolfe and Bosca-
wen in 1758. A broken sea-wall of cut stone ; a vast amphitheatre, inclosed within a succession of green mounds ; a glacis ; and some miles of surrounding ditch, yet remain — the relics of a structure for which the treasury of France paid Thirty Millions of Livres !

We enter where had been the great gate, and walk up what had been the great avenue. The vision follows undulating billows of green turf that indicate the buried walls of a once powerful military town. Fifteen thousand people were gathered in and about these walls ; six thousand troops were locked within this fortress, when the key turned in the stupendous gate.

The very air of the spot where we now stand, an hundred years since, vibrated with the chime of the church-bells and the roll of the stately organ, or wafted to devout multitudes the savor of holy incense. Here were congregated the soldiers, merchants, artisans of old France ; on these high walls paced the solemn sentry ; in these streets the nun stole past in her modest hood ; the girl pressed her cheek to the latticed window, as the young officer rode by ; the martial music filled the avenues with its inspiring strains ; in yonder bay floated the great war-ships of Louis ; and around the shores of this harbor could be counted battery after battery, with scores of guns bristling from the embrasures.

Yet a little later and here were gathered under Wolfe and Bosca-
wen many of our own ancestral warriors ; here Gridley, who planned the redoubt at Bunker's Hill, won his first laurels as an engineer ; here Pomeroy distinguished himself ; and others, whose names are not recorded, but whose acts survive in the history of a republic. The very drum that beat to arms before this fortress, was braced again when the great drama of the Revolution opened at Concord and Lexington.

The building of this stronghold was a labor of twenty-five years. The stone walls rose to the height of thirty-six feet. In those broken arches, studded with stalactites, those casemates, or vaults of the citadel, you still see some evidence of its strength. You will know the citadel by them, and by the greater height of the mounds which mark the walls that once encompassed it. Within these stood the smaller military

chapel. Think of looking down from this point upon those broad avenues, busy with life, an hundred years ago !

Neither roof nor spire remain now ; nor square nor street ; nor convent, church, or barrack. The green turf covers all : even the foundations of the houses are buried. It is a city without an inhabitant. Dismantled cannon, with the rust clinging in great flakes ; scattered implements of war ; broken weapons, bayonets, gun-locks, shot, shell or grenade, unclaimed, untouched, corroded and corroding, in silence and desolation, with no signs of life visible within these once warlike parapets except the peaceful sheep, grazing upon the very brow of the citadel, are the only relics of once powerful Louisburgh.

Let us recall the outlines of its history. In the early part of the last century, just after the death of Louis XIV., these foundations were laid, and the town named in honor of the ruling monarch. Nova Scotia proper had been ceded, by recent treaty, to the fillibusters of Old and New-England, but the ancient Island of Cape Breton still owned allegiance to the lilies of France. Among the beautiful and commodious harbors that indent the southern coast of the island, this one was selected as being more easy of access. Although naturally well adapted for defence, yet its fortification cost the government immense sums of money, insomuch as all the materials for building had to be brought from a distance. Halliburton thus describes it : ' It was environed, two miles and a half in circumference, with a rampart of stone from thirty to thirty-six feet high, and a ditch eighty feet wide, with the exception of a space of two hundred yards near the sea, which was inclosed by a dyke and a line of pickets. The water in this place was shallow, and numerous reefs rendered it inaccessible to shipping, while it received an additional protection from the side fire of the bastions. There were six bastions and eight batteries, containing embrasures for one hundred and forty-eight cannon, of which forty-five only were mounted, and eight mortars. On an island at the entrance of the harbor was planted a battery of thirty cannon, carrying twenty-eight pound shot ; and at the bottom of the harbor was a grand, or royal battery, of twenty-eight cannon, forty-two pounders, and two eighteen-pounders. On a high cliff, opposite to the island-battery, stood a light-house, and within this point, at the north-east part of the harbor, was a careening wharf, secure from all winds, and a magazine of naval stores. The town was regularly laid out in squares ; the streets were broad and commodious, and the houses, which were built partly of wood upon stone foundations, and partly of more durable materials, corresponded with the general appearance of the place. In the centre of one of the chief bastions was a stone building, with a moat on the side near the town, which was called the citadel, though it had neither artillery nor a structure suitable to receive any. Within this building were the apartments of the governor, the barracks for the soldiers, and the arsenal ; and, under the platform of the redoubt, a magazine well furnished with military stores. The parish church, also, stood within the citadel, and without was another, belonging to the hospital of St. Jean de Dieu, which was an elegant and spacious structure. The entrance to the town was over

a drawbridge, near which was a circular battery, mounting sixteen guns of fourteen pound shot.'

This cannon-studded harbor was the naval dépôt of France in America, the nucleus of its military power, the protector of its fisheries, the key of the gulf of St. Lawrence, the Sebastopol of the New World. For a quarter of a century it had been gathering strength by slow degrees : Acadia, poor inoffensive Acadia, from time to time, had been the prey of its rapacious neighbors ; but Louisburgh had grown amid its protecting batteries, until Massachusetts felt that it was time for the armies of Gad to go forth and purge the threshing-floor with such ecclesiastical iron fans as they were wont to waft peace and good will with, wherever there was a fine opening for profit and edification.

The first expedition against Louisburgh was only justifiable upon the ground that the wants of New-England for additional territory were pressing, and immediate action, under the circumstances, indispensable. Levies of colonial troops were made, both in and out of the territories of the saints. The forces, however, actually employed, came from Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New-Hampshire ; the first supplying three thousand two hundred, the second five hundred, the third three hundred men. The coöperation of Commodore Warren, of the English West-Indian fleet, was solicited ; but the Commodore declined, on the ground ' that the expedition was wholly a provincial affair, undertaken without the assent, and probably without the knowledge, of the ministry.' But Governor Shirley was not a man to stop at trifles. He had a heart of lignum vitæ, a rigid anti-papistical conscience, beetle brows, and an eye to the cod-fisheries. Higher authority than international law was pressed into the service. George Whitefield, then an itinerant preacher in New-England, furnished the necessary warrant for the expedition, by giving a motto for its banner : '*Nil desperandum Christo duce.*' Nothing is to be despaired of with CHRIST for leader. The command was, however, given to William Pepperal, a fish and shingle merchant of Maine. One of the chaplains of the fillibusters carried a hatchet specially sharpened, to hew down the wooden saints in the churches of Louisburgh. Every thing that was needed to encourage and cheer the saints, was provided by Governor Shirley, especially a goodly store of New-England rum, and the Rev. Samuel Moody, the lengthiest preacher in the colonies. Louisburgh, at that time feebly garrisoned, held out bravely in spite of the formidable array concentrated against it. In vain the Rev. Samuel Moody preached to its high stone walls ; in vain the iconoclast chaplain brandished his ecclesiastical hatchet ; in vain Whitefield's banner flaunted to the wind. The fortress held out against shot and shell, saint, flag, and sermon. New-England ingenuity finally circumvented Louisburgh. Humiliating as the confession is, it must be admitted that our pious forefathers did actually abandon '*CHRISTO duce,*' and used instead a little worldly artifice.

Commodore Warren, who had declined taking a part in the siege of Louisburgh, on account of the regulations of the service, had received, after the departure of the expedition, instructions to keep a look-out for

the interests of his majesty in North-America, which of course could be readily interpreted, by an experienced officer in his majesty's service, to mean precisely what was meant to be meant. As a consequence, Commodore Warren was speedily on the look-out, off the coast of Cape Breton, and in the course of events, fell in with, and captured, the 'Vigilant,' seventy-four, commanded by Captain Stronghouse, or, as his title runs, 'the Marquis de la Maison Forte.' The 'Vigilant' was a store-ship, filled with munitions of war for the French town. Here was a glorious opportunity. If the saints could only communicate to Duchambon, the Governor of Louisburgh, that his supplies had been cut off, Duchambon might think of capitulation. But unfortunately the French were prejudiced against the saints, and would not believe them under oath. But when probity fails, a little ingenuity and artifice will do quite as well. The chief of the expedition was equal to the emergency. He took the Marquis of Stronghouse to the different ships on the station, where the French prisoners were confined, and showed him that they were treated with great civility; then he represented to the Marquis that the New-England prisoners were cruelly dealt with in the fortress of Louisburgh; and requested him to write a letter, in the name of humanity, to Duchambon, Governor, in behalf of those suffering saints; 'expressing his approbation of the conduct of the English, and entreating similar usage for those whom the fortune of war had thrown in his hands.' The Marquis wrote the letter; thus it begins: 'On board the 'Vigilant,' where I am a prisoner, before Louisburgh, June thirteen, 1745.' The rest of the letter is unimportant. The confession of Captain Stronghouse, that he was a prisoner, was the point; and the consequences thereof, which had been foreseen by the fillibustering besiegers, speedily followed. In three days Louisburgh capitulated.

Then the Rev. Samuel Moody greatly distinguished himself. He was a painful preacher; the most untiring, persevering, long-winded, clamorous, pertinacious vessel at craving a blessing, in the provinces. There was a great feast in honor of the occasion. But more formidable than the siege itself, was the anticipated 'grace' of Brother Moody. New-England held its breath when he began, and thus the Reverend Samuel: 'Good LORD, we have so many things to thank THEE for, that time will be infinitely too short to do it; we must therefore leave it for the work of eternity.'

Upon this there was great rejoicing, yea, more than there had been upon the capture of the French stronghold. Who shall say whether Brother Moody's brevity may not stretch farther across the intervals of time than the longest preaching ever preached by mortal preacher?

In three years Louisburgh was restored to its rightful owners; the work Brother Moody had laid out for himself in all eternity, was probably curtailed by the peace of Aix la Chapelle. A larger and stronger garrison, an increased populace of French people, gathered within these walls, and kept possession, until the *coup de main* of Wolfe, thirteen years after, who bent his strength against this fortress before he essayed the greater expedition which ended with his life before the walls of Quebec.

'Wolfe's landing' is yet pointed out by the old fishermen of the place. 'Here he stood,' said one of them, 'just under this bastion, right here on the shore, at mid-night, looking straight up at the French sentry over his head, when there was not a man in the English army who would have valued his life worth a pin's head, if he had stood where Wolfe stood that night.'

And here we stand nearly a century after, looking out from these war-works upon the desolate harbor. At the entrance the wrecks of three French frigates, sunk to prevent the ingress of the British fleet, yet remain; sometimes visited by our still-enterprising countrymen, who come down in coasters with diving-bell and windlass, to raise again from the deep the great guns, imbedded in sea-shells, that have slept in the ooze so long. Between those two points lay the ships of the line, and frigates of Louis; opposite, where the parapets of stone are yet visible, was the ground-battery of forty guns: at Light-House Point, yonder two thousand grenadiers, under General Wolfe, drove back the French artillerymen, and turned their cannon upon these mighty walls. Here the great seventy-four blew up; there the English boats were sunk by the guns of the fortress; day and night for many weeks this ground has shuddered with the thunders of the cannonade.

And what of all this? we may ask. What of the ships that were sunk, and those that floated away with the booty? What of the soldiers that fell by hundreds here, and those that lived? What of the prisoners that mourned, and the captors that triumphed? What of the flash of artillery, and the shattered wall that answered it? Has any benefit resulted to mankind from this brilliant achievement? Can any man, of any nation, stand here and say: 'This work was wrought for my profit'? Can any man draw such a breath here amid these buried walls, as he can upon the humblest sod that ever was wet with the blood of patriotism? I trow not.

Once in possession of this stronghold, England could not hold it; the fortification was too large for any but a powerful garrison. A hundred war-ships had congregated in that harbor: frigates, seventy-fours, transports, sloops, under the *Fleur de lis*. Louisburgh, the pivot point of the French possessions, was but an outside harbor for the colonies. So the order went forth to destroy the town that could not be kept. And it took two solid years of gunpowder to blow up these immense walls upon which we now sadly stand, O gentle reader! Turf, turf, turf covers all! The gloomiest spectacle the sight of man can dwell upon is the desolate but once populous abode of humanity. Egypt itself is cheerful compared with Louisburgh!

'It rains,' said Picton.

It had rained all the morning, and I was soaked through; but what did that matter when a hundred years since was in one's mind? Picton, in his mackintosh, was an impervious representative of the nineteenth century; but I was as fully saturated with water as if I were living in the place under the old French *régime*.

'Let us go down,' said Picton, 'and see the jolly old fishermen outside the walls. What is the use of staying here in the rain after you have seen all that can be seen? Come along. Just think how serene it will be if we can get some milk and potatoes down there.'

There are about a dozen fishermen's huts on the beach outside the walls of the old town of Louisburgh. When you enter one it reminds you of the descriptive play-bill of the melo-drama — 'Scene II. : Interior of a Fisherman's Cottage on the Sea-Shore : Ocean in the Distance.' The walls are built of heavy timbers, laid one upon another, and caulked with moss or oakum. Overhead are square beams, with pegs for nets, poles, guns, boots, the heterogeneous and picturesque tackle with which such ceilings are usually ornamented. But oh ! how clean every thing is ! The knots are fairly scrubbed out of the floor-planks, the hearth-bricks red as cherries, the dresser shelves worn thin with soap and sand, and white as the sand with which they have been scoured. I never saw drawing-room that could compare with the purity of that interior. It was cleanliness itself ; but I saw many such before I left Louisburgh, in both the old town and the new.

We sat down in the 'hutch,' as they call it, before a cheery wood-fire, and soon forgot all about the outside rain. But if we had shut out the rain, we had not shut out the neighboring Atlantic. That was near enough ; the thunderous surf, whirling, pouring, breaking against the rocky shore and islands, was sounding in our ears, and we could see the great white masses of foam lifted against the sky from the window of the hutch, as we sat before the warm fire.

'You was lucky to get in last night,' said the master of the hutch, an old, weather-beaten fisherman.

'Yes,' replied Picton, surveying the gray head before him with as much complacency as he would a turnip ; 'and a serene old place it is when we get in.'

To this the weather-beaten replied by winking twice with both eyes.

'Rather a dangerous coast,' continued Picton, stretching out one thigh before the fire. 'I say, do n't you fishermen often lose your lives out there ?' and he pointed to the mouth of the harbor.

'There was only two lives lost in seventy years,' replied the old man, (This remarkable fact was confirmed by many persons of whom we asked the same question during our visit,) 'and one of them was a young man, a stranger here, who was capsized in a boat as he was going out to a vessel in the harbor.'

'You are speaking now of lives lost in the fisheries,' said Picton, 'not in the coasting trade.'

'Oh !' replied the old man, shaking his head, 'the coasting trade is different ; there is a many lives lost in that. Last year I had a brother as sailed out of this in a shallop, on the same day as yon vessel,' pointing to the 'Balaklava ;' 'he went out in company with your captain ; he was going to his wedding, he thought, poor fellow, for he was to bring a young wife home with him from Halifax, but he got caught in a storm off Canseau, and we never heard of the shallop again. He was my youngest brother, gentlemen.'

It was strange to be seated in that old cottage, listening to so dreary a story, and watching the storm outside. There was a wonderful fascination in it, nevertheless, and I was not a little loth to leave the bright hearth when the sailors from the schooner came for us and carried us on board again to dinner.

The storm continued ; but Pieton and I found plenty to do that day. Equipped with oil-skin pea-jackets and sou-westerns, with a couple of *fish-pughs*, or poles, pointed with iron, we started on a cruise after lobsters, in a sort of flat-bottomed skiff, peculiar to the place, called a *dingledekooch*. And although we did not catch one lobster, yet we did not lose sight of many interesting particulars that were scattered around the harbor. And first of the fisheries. All the people here are directly or indirectly engaged in this business* ; and to this they devote themselves entirely, farming being scarcely thought of. I doubt whether there is a plough in the place ; certainly there was not a horse, in either the old or new town, or a vehicle of any kind, as we found out betimes.

The fishing here, as in all other places along the coast, is carried on in small, clinker-built boats, sharp at both ends, and carrying two sails. It is marvellous with what dexterity these boats are handled ; they are out in all weathers, and at all times, night or day, as it happens, and although sometimes loaded to the gunwale with fish, yet they encounter the roughest gales, and ride out storms in safety, which would be perilous to the largest vessel.

‘I can carry all sail,’ said one old fellow, ‘when the captain there would have to take in every rag on the schooner.’

And such too was the fact. These boats usually go out a few miles from the shore, rarely beyond twelve ; the fish are taken with hand-lines generally, but sometimes a set line with buoys and anchors is used. The fish are cured on flakes, or high platforms, raised upon poles from the beach, so that one end of the staging is over the water. The cod are thrown up from the boat to the flake by means of the fish-pugh, a sort of one-pronged, piscatory pitch-fork, and cleaned, salted, and cured there ; then spread out to dry on the flake, or on the beach, and packed for market. *Nothing can be neater and cleaner than the whole system of curing the fish !* popular opinion to the contrary notwithstanding. The fishermen of Louisburgh are a happy, contented, kind, and simple people. Living, as they do, far from the jarring interests of the busy world, having a common revenue, for the ocean supplies each and all alike ; pursuing an occupation which is constant discipline for body and soul ; brave, sincere, and hospitable by nature, for all of these virtues are inseparable from their relations to each other ; one can scarcely be with them, no matter how brief the visit, without feeling a kindred sympathy ; without having a vague thought of ‘Some time I may be only too glad to escape from the world and accept this humble happiness instead ;’ without a dreamy idea of ‘Perhaps *this*, after all, is the real Arcadia !’

It was amusing to see Pieton at work during these reflections. The heads and entrails of the cod-fish, thrown from the ‘flakes’ into the water, attract thousands of the baser tribes, such as sculpin, flounders, and toad-fish, who feed themselves fat upon the offals, and enjoy a peaceful life under the clear waters of the harbor. As the *dingledekooch* floated silently over them, they lay perfectly quiet and unsuspecting of danger, although within a few feet of the fatal fish-pugh, and in an element almost as transparent as air. Lobster, during the storm, had gone off to other grounds ; but here were great flat flounders and sculpin, within reach of the indefatigable Pieton. Down went the fish-

pugh and up come the game! The bottom of the skiff was soon covered with the spearings of the traveller. Great flounders, large as leaves of the pie-plant; sculpin, bloated with rage and wind, like patriots out of office; toad-fish, savage and vindictive as Irishmen in a riot. Down went the fish-pugh! It was rare sport, and no person could have enjoyed it more than Picton, except perhaps some of the veteran fishermen of Louisburgh, who were gathered on the beach watching the doings in the dingledekooch.

NOTE.—So little is known of this once famous stronghold of the French in America, that I have induced the publisher of the *KNICKERBOCKER* to have copies made of the plans of the fortress and harbor, from Halliburton. They give a very good idea of the place as it was, and even now, the remains of the walls and batteries can be readily traced at Louisburgh by the visitor. By referring to the following references, the extent of the fortifications will be at once apparent:

A. The town of Louisburgh. B. The citadel. C. A lake where the fishing-boats winter. D. Stages for drying fish. E. A battery of twenty guns. F. The Dauphin battery of thirty guns, which defends the west gate, being that which was first delivered to the English. G. The Island-battery of forty guns, silenced the twenty-fourth of June, by the Light-house battery at I, under the direction of Major-General Wolfe. H. A small battery of eight guns. I. The Light-house battery, taken by Major-General Wolfe, June twelfth, from whence the ships in the harbor were destroyed. K. A battery of fifteen guns, used for the destruction of the shipping. L. The grand battery of forty guns, destroyed by the French, the twelfth, when all the out parties were ordered into the works of the town. M. A battery of fifteen guns, destroyed the same time. N. Houses inhabited by fishermen. O. Rivers, from whence the inhabitants have their fresh water. P. A pond, which defends part of the works, and makes this part very difficult of access.

T H E F O U N T A I N F A Y .

I LOOKED into the fountain,
In its waters bright and clear;
And I saw thy gentle features
Dimly, coyishly appear.

I knelt down by its margin
On the glittering golden sand,
And I thought that I might catch thee
With my eager trembling hand.

I whispered to thee softly,
Through the wavelets pure and bright;
But my earnest spoken love-words
Drove thee, weeping, from my sight.

I have sought thee in the mid-night,
When the stars shone bright above;
When the south wind to the leaflets
Was whispering its love.

I have sought thee in the summer;
I have sought thee in the fall;
I have sought thee in the spring-time,
When the dove its mate doth call:

But thy voice is ever silent,
And thy image seems afar;
Gleaming ever on my vision,
Like the 'distant evening-star.'

I will worship, lovely fairy!
At thy fount, within the wood;
For thy image, in my heart-home,
Ever whispers me of good.

W. L. L.

THE OLD MAN'S CHILD.

BY M. EVERTSON.

How long have I known her ? Let me see : it must be five, no, six years, since I spent that pleasant summer at Trenton parsonage, and first met Agnes Belden. A pleasant time indeed it was for one who loved freedom and Nature as I did, and who had enjoyed so little of it, city born, and city bred as I was.

To escape from the dust and heat of the city, from the glare of its brick walls and burning pavements, to the cool, refreshing breezes of some quiet, shady nook in the country ; to exchange the endless hum of business, the rattling of wheels upon the pavements, the thronging crowds that hurry hither and thither, for the lowing of cattle, the singing of birds, and the joyous evening murmur of Nature ; a quiet loneliness, with choicest company ; this is enjoyment. Such enjoyment that the satisfied spirit sits down at her ease, for a space, contented with looking, listening, drinking in the beauty that fills air, earth, and sky.

But these restless spirits of ours, they will not be content to vegetate, even in a garden of unearthly beauty, and when the eye is somewhat satiated with seeing, and the ear with hearing — earth's varied loveliness — and Heaven's many-toned choir — it roves forth in search of something more stirring to the thoughts. 'Books,' you say, 'books for the country in the summer, what can you want more ?' Real life, dear querist, all the autumn, the long winter, and the tardy, brief spring, are books — naught but books ; and for relaxation, I wanted faces — not city-faces, busy, bustling, care-worn, but the faces of the quiet country, gentle, placid, and full of homely kindness. In quest of these, I took, during that by-past summer spent at Trenton, many a pleasant ramble, often alone ; but oftenest with one friend for company, kind cousin Lucy.

'I wonder if you have any thing like romance in this rough land of earth and stone and tree ?' said I to my companion, after we had rode for an hour past well-kept farms, with their cheerful-looking dwellings, each presenting to the eye of the traveller its quota of hens and turkeys with their broods, not to mention the Guinea hens, which at some occasional farm-yard announced their presence and well doing, by their peculiar and incessant cackling ; or sometimes a peacock, stalking about with aristocratic grandeur, one would imagine rather offensive to a master who 'would shake hands with a king upon his throne, and think it kindness to his majesty.'

'Turn your horse's head down that lane to the left,' was the reply, 'and I will show you something which you may call romance, but which I think far better ; at any rate, it is the romance of real life.'

It was a beautifully shaded lane ; elms, maples, chestnuts, and here

and there a walnut mingled their foliage over our heads ; and as we came out on a little stream — the Black river, as it was called by my friend — the willows made their appearance, and with their graceful drooping foliage, gave softness to the scene. Appropriately was the stream named ; though narrow, it was very deep ; and as we looked down from the banks which in some places were high and precipitous, its waters seemed of inky hue, save where they chafed themselves to foam against impeding rocks.

We followed for a mile or two the windings of the river, sometimes our road lying on the edge of a lofty precipice, and anon bringing us down again to the water's edge, but ever revealing to the ravished eye new forms of beauty, when the sound of rushing waters saluted our ears. Involuntarily I drew the reins, that I might at leisure gaze upon the scene which opened before us. There was the Black river, dashing madly over a broken ledge of rock, sending its spray upon us even where we were ; the shaded lane opened on our right upon a plain of exquisite loveliness, scattered with picturesque groups of trees, and bounded by heavy woods in the far distance.

A little behind the falls stood a patriarchal-looking mansion of stone, embowered in trees, two venerable elms shading the portal, around which, and indeed over the greater portion of the walls of the house, clambered the ever-green ivy and the fragrant woodbine.

'Is this romance enough for you ?' said my friend, after giving me time to admire.

'It is beautiful, most beautiful ; but this is Nature, not romance ; it is material beauty : I am longing for the spiritual.'

'Psha ! nonsense ! will nothing satisfy you ? But come, I have a call to make at that old mansion ; you must go in with me.'

'I am a perfect stranger ; will it not be deemed an intrusion ?'

'I will answer for that ; as my friend, you will be sure of a welcome.'

So I gathered up the reins, which, in the earnestness of my admiration, had fallen at my feet, and bade our quiet pony go on his way, to which he seemed in no wise loth, as with most fleet steps he brought us to the gate of the little garden in front of the house.

'What exquisite taste !' I exclaimed as we entered : 'I have imagined, but I never saw such a garden ; so irregular, and yet such perfect symmetry.'

'This is nothing ; wait till you see *the* garden, before you go into raptures : there is a garden of three or four acres in the rear of the house, where I believe you can find every plant that Linnæus ever knew, and more ; and Downing himself could not improve its arrangement.'

A demure little serving-maid ushered us into a pleasant and spacious sitting-room ; its deep bay-window looking out upon the river, with its foaming, dashing waters. In the centre of the room, at a large table covered with books and papers, sat a fine-looking man, somewhat past the prime of life ; though this might only be judged by the white and scattered locks upon his head. Tall, erect, and of full form, time left him otherwise unscathed. In the deep recess of the window sat a most gentle, lovely lady : old I may not call her ; it seemed as more

sorrow than time had passed over her ; and yet I knew not why I should think so, for I have seldom seen a look of more placid happiness. But there were lines in the face which told of patient endurance, of silent time-long grief ; and yet, when the bright smile lit up the pale, delicate features, such thoughts passed away like the mist-wreaths before the morning sun. On a low ottoman by her side, was seated a young girl, to the eye about fifteen, and yet a thought haunted me that she must be some years more. I knew not why, perhaps it was the strange, sweet gravity of her face, perhaps it was the quiet gracefulness of her manner, simple yet dignified ; but something showed her mind to have lived more years than the fair temple which enshrined it. I am not good at painting faces, and truly, when I see a fair, young countenance, truthful and pure in its expression, I am so taken up with looking, and loving too, that I forget to analyze, and so fail to remember each feature ; it is rather as a whole that I recall such a face.

And such a face had Agnes Belden ; to say that she was beautiful, was not enough ; it was with a strange, fascinated interest the eye returned to the pale, chiselled features, to mark the rising of the faint glow to her cheek as she conversed ; the look of tenderness which she turned upon her mother, or the admiring love with which she regarded her father. Nor did the charm cease when she led us through the garden, which was all and more than my friend's remark had led me to expect. Are you fond of gardening, dear reader ? Well, I am sorry that now it will make my story too long to describe this paradise. At some future time I intend to write an essay on gardening, descriptive and practical, and shall introduce a full account, with plans, (for there was a *plan*, even in this maze of beauty,) by way of illustration of my views, long floating in my brain, here for the first time realized : so prithee, patience, will thee ?

'Who are these people ? what is their history ? for I am sure they have a history : and why did you not tell me something of them before you took me there ? Answer quick, for I am all impatience,' exclaimed I as we left the house.

'Softly, good Coz ; one thing at a time, and the last question first ; because *described* people always disappoint one ; so I make it a rule to leave fair play for first impressions, and give every one a chance to discover wonders, or *romances*, if you please, for himself. Secondly, Mr. Belden was formerly a resident of one of the beautiful lake-villages of the western part of your State, where he owned a princely domain, comprising nearly one-third of the entire shore of the lake. Mrs Belden is a native of this place, born in the house in which you saw her, where her ancestors have lived for many generations ; rather, I should say, on the spot, for the mansion has been re-built by the present occupant, most tastefully combining the venerableness of antiquity with modern grace and convenience in its arrangements and adornings. To your other question, I must premise that I am but a poor historian, but my friends 'have a history,' as you truly surmised, and I will do my best to unfold it : meanwhile, throw your reins loose, and let Brownie walk, for I never can tell a story upon a gallop, nor even upon a trot.

Mrs. Belden is a descendant of one of the noblest and best of our

Pilgrim Fathers, and she inherits their unswerving adherence to duty, and their patient endurance of trial. Her husband is the last of a noble Huguenot family, who made this clime of liberty their refuge from the persecutions of their own king and people. You can discern his noble extraction in his person and bearing. His father, if I remember aright, owned large estates in Maryland; at any rate, somewhere in the South. This son, his sole heir, was sent, when a lad of about fifteen, to the Academy in this place, where he remained until he was fitted for college, a period of, I think, three years. In this time he became acquainted with Agnes Seymour, and visited at her father's house very frequently, being always received as a most welcome guest. A tacit engagement preceded young B.'s departure for college; an open one the parents would not consent to, on account of their extreme youth, Agnes being then but fifteen, no older than my pet Agnes is now. At this time, the home of Mr. Seymour, Deacon Seymour as he was, and is to this day called, boasted a goodly array of sons and daughters, of which Agnes was the youngest, the child of her parents' old age, the joy and treasure of all. Soon after Henry Belden left Trenton for college, the eldest son of Mr. S. forsook his native land to carry the good news of salvation to some of the dark lands of the East. There was cheerful resignation then in the hearts of those parents, mingled with gratitude, that they should be thus honored. The next summer their other son, a fine young man, was drowned while bathing in the C — river. They had 'hope in his death,' but it was a sore-bruising blow. Two years passed away, and their home was again cheerful; the eldest daughter had married, and had given back to her parents their son, for the little Alfred, with his baby face, was the miniature of the lost Alfred.

'The engagement of Agnes Seymour and Henry Belden was now a matter publicly talked of, and they but waited the completion of the college course to be united. Alas! how little man knows of the future! A few months before Henry left college, an infectious and very fatal fever visited W ——. The married sister of Agnes, with her infant Alfred, were the first victims; next were Agnes' only remaining sister, and herself, prostrated by the dreadful disease. The sister died, and Agnes, after a fearful struggle between life and death, arose from her couch to see her beloved mother sink into the grave. In the last hour of life, the mother exacted from the bewildered and terror-stricken girl, a promise not to marry while her father lived. 'It will not be long, Agnes,' said the dying woman; 'he is sore broken by these heavy trials, and I am sure he will soon follow me. I cannot die in peace, unless you promise me that your dear father shall have your undivided care.'

'Agnes promised. She could not, dared not, in that awful hour, refuse; but it was with a quaking heart and a trembling voice. Was it not strange that a wife who loved so tenderly, so anxiously the husband of her youth, should not have feared to lay such a blight upon the young love of her child? Are not we women often selfish, even in our love? What think you, Coz? But I see you are too much interested to discuss such a question now; so I will on with my tale. Old Dea-

con Seymour was utterly crushed, mentally, and even for a time physically, by these repeated strokes. He did not murmur, he said, 'It was all right ;' but he did not rally ; his once strong intellect became feeble as a child's, and he clung to Agnes with all the trembling eagerness of childhood. Daily, and often many times a day, was she called upon to reiterate the promise given to her dying mother, and unfortunately given in her father's presence. She would fain have been spared the rasping question, while yet she would have kept her promise as faithfully.

'I could not describe, even had I witnessed it, the meeting of the lovers. I have heard my mother, who was Agnes's most intimate friend, say that the effect upon both was dreadful. Agnes was firm, but very quiet, and very pale ; indeed, the beautiful bloom, for which she once was celebrated, never re-visited her cheek. Henry was first incredulous : he could not believe she would keep her vow : then angry at her mother for its imposition, at her poor imbecile father for his eager clinging to her promise, his only star now of hope on earth : then angry at herself, who, he declared had never loved him, or she could not thus easily give him up. She would not hold him to his engagement ; she desired him to forget her, to marry another : it might be weary years before she would be free.

'Their parting was invective on one side, and silent but terrible shrinking on the other. Henry left Trenton, and Agnes's cup of woe was full. Yet she murmured not : none knew save those who could read the lines daily growing deeper which grief and bitter disappointment traced upon that lovely and placid face, the agony which wrung the heart. She moved about her aged parent like some gently ministering angel, nor ever suffered her own sorrows to divert her care for his childish helplessness. Nor was she without support and consolation. When from a full heart she cried out, 'My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever,' there came back to her inmost soul the whisper of heavenly cheering : 'Fear not, I am with thee ; I will help thee, I will strengthen thee, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness.'

'About this time the father of Henry Belmont died. Some months previous to his death he had sold his estates at the South, and purchased the beautiful seat which I spoke of before. For two or three years he led there a recluse life, but prosecuting with almost fierce energy his father's projected improvements, and devising further schemes for beautifying his hermitage, as if he would fain fill with this object the void in his heart. At last he came to a calmer state of mind : as the feeling of anger passed beneath the pleadings of his better reason, sorrow, deep, overwhelming sorrow, succeeded, and he then begun to listen to the teachings of heavenly wisdom, and strove to feel that 'it was good for him to bear even this heavy yoke in his youth.'

'My mother has told me that about this time Agnes came to her in the early morning before her father had arisen. She had received a letter from Henry, begging her forgiveness for his cruel anger, and entreating to be allowed to see her. 'What shall I do ?' said the heart-stricken girl ; 'it will be but a renewal of the struggle which I have

tried to think was over. I can bear to suffer; but to see Henry's anguish, to risk again his bitter reproaches; to turn away from his pleadings, I *cannot* bear it.' By my mother's advice she replied to Henry's letter, with as clear an explanation of her views of duty as she could frame, with a candid confession that *he* was not the greatest sufferer; and granting the desired permission, upon the one condition that he would not renew the painful contest.'

'And did your mother think this self-sacrifice necessary to her duty to her father?'

'No, indeed: she, with many other friends, had in vain sought to persuade Agnes that her promise to her mother was not binding; that even it would be better for her father that she should marry, as he would then have the care of a son as well as a daughter. But she had long ago forbidden these remonstrances. To her, the *letter* of her promise was sacred, and not even the once suggested idea, that the intellect of the dying mother had failed, caused her to waver for one moment. Therefore, you see, Coz, my good mother gave her the best advice she could under the circumstances, knowing that Agnes's resolution was immovable. To go on with my story: Henry came immediately; he kept his promise, but it was a sad and nearly hopeless visit: yet lit up with gleams of patience and quiet submission. 'We will have faith in time,' said Henry, and would fain have vowed that he would wait a life-time for his own sweet, pale, patient Agnes. But this she would not allow. She implored him not to forget: this she knew was impossible; nor did she wish it, but to remember her only as a sister; to waste no longer the life which God had given him for usefulness; but form new ties, and live for others. She would not say that it would not be a trial to her; but in time, she knew she could love his wife as a sister. But of this Henry would not hear; he implored only permission to write to her, a promise that his letters should be replied to, and he departed. Much of this correspondence I, as the favored child of Agnes's friend, have read; and I could fain wish you had the same privilege; it is noble. Scarce ever an allusion to past sorrows or future hopes; they are sheets the whole world might see, and be the better for; filled with high and holy and intellectual themes. Henry Belden soon became known in the world as a benefactor to his race. In every benevolent undertaking of the day he was, if not the originator, one of the leaders. He now strove to fill that sad heart with the glory of his God, and the good of his fellow beings.'

'And how long did all this last? I am getting quite impatient for the *finale* of this sad story. I declare I am ready to cry, if it were not for thinking of Agnes's tearless patience.'

'Twenty years; no wonder you are horrified, it was so long as that; and these patient waiters upon duty were united beside the dying-bed of that much-cared-for old man, to whom a brief interval of reason returned to show him his beautiful child of nineteen summers, a pale, staid woman, still lovely, but oh! how changed, even to the dim eye of age and death. The old man died breathing out blessings such as father never poured out before, upon the head of his devoted child.

'Henry would fain have taken his wife to his own beautiful home

which for her he had adorned with all that taste could devise, or money could purchase ; but though she made not one objection, he saw the involuntary clinging to the home of her childhood ; unexpressed indeed, but visible in every speaking feature. They visited the Western home, and Agnes was surprised and delighted with its beauty ; she appreciated fully the faithful and tender love which had wrought this earthly Paradise : but as she tried to speak of it as their home, and of the removal of cherished articles of furniture from Trenton, Henry read in her look of assumed cheerfulness, the forced lightness of her tones, and the slight trembling of her frame, the trial of her feelings. Without saying a word to his wife, he sold the place, and brought her home again to her father's house. If any thing could have deepened the affection of Agnes for her husband, it was this tender regard to her feelings ; and though she tried to persuade herself and him, that she would not have wished such a thing, yet the untroubled happiness of her sweet countenance satisfied him that he had done right.'

'But when was this house re-built ? and when was your pet ushered upon the stage of life ?'

'About two years after their marriage, shortly after the birth of Agnes, the health of Mrs. Belmont began to fail, and her physician ordered her to the south of France. Accordingly they took their departure for Europe, where they spent two years, during which time the present building was erected, and many of the improvements of the grounds commenced, according to plans left by Mr. Belden in the hands of those qualified to carry out his designs. The house retains as much of the old form and arrangement as was consistent with convenience and beauty.'

'But the little Agnes, your pet ; tell me something of her ; methinks she can be no common child, born of such parents ; and indeed the lines of her thoughtful, quiet face, tell me as much.'

'Do you not think her very beautiful ?' asked my friend, 'and very graceful ?'

'Yes, very beautiful ; and yet I know not whether her beauty pleases me, or her grace either, so childish yet so womanly — so simple yet so mature. I am puzzled completely ; I know not whether to admire or not ; but I should like to see more of her.'

'That you shall, if you have a mind, for I am a frequent visitor there. But you must form your opinion of Agnes yourself : I have a woman's curiosity to know whether you will read her aright. The wise country people have their own notions ; some pity the poor thing for having such old parents : some will tell you that she has strange ways — more like a spirit than a real child ; and divers others equally wise remarks. But here we are at home : I have talked myself quite tired enough to be ready for my dinner, and, I doubt not, your ladyship also.'

Many times did Brownie carry us along the shady lane by the Black river, till I became so wonted at 'Rockwood,' the name of Mr. B.'s place, that I had the freedom of the house almost as much as my good cousin Lucy, who had many cares, large and small, to keep her at home, so that I often went thither alone, a morning ride or an afternoon stroll. To say that I admired Mr. Belmont and his gentle wife.

would poorly express the almost worship with which I regarded them. They had come out of the furnace gold, well refined. Their daughter, the beautiful, quiet, woman-like child, was my study. For a long time she perplexed me. She was happy, yet I fancied something was wanting in her cup of bliss. She was fondly attached to her parents, being unwilling to leave them even for a day, yet I once saw her straining her eyes from the recess of that deep bay-window, as if she expected some long-wished-for friend, a sort of mental reaching forth after an ideal something, ending in a half-sigh. Though some ten years more than hers had made a woman of me, yet I succeeded in getting to the inmost recess of my young friend's confidence, I thought, for she would talk with me for hours with the most perfect unreserve, as we sat plying our needles in that same favorite library window, or rambling over the hills and among the woods; but there was that secret longing yet unexplained.

One morning, as we wandered about the garden, I spoke of my sister and her expected arrival at Cousin Lucy's.

'And have you a sister of your own age?' asked Agnes, with a sudden brightening of eye and cheek; 'how very dearly you must love her. How can you bear to be separated from her?'

'Certainly I do love Fanny with all my heart, dear Agnes,' I replied; 'but I have many sisters, and we must separate sometimes, else we should see our friends at a distance but seldom; I fancy they would care little to have the whole fair bevy at once.'

'And I am all alone,' and with these words there was again that glance, straining after some object in the distance. But instantly she checked herself and said, half to me, half-musing: 'How wrong—I, to feel lonely with such parents. Forget, dear Miss Anne, that I ever said that; it was but a passing feeling; now it is gone. You will bring your sister here, will you not? I am sure I shall love her if only for your sake.'

It was all clear; that glance, that half-sigh, that evident longing after something not possessed, were all explained. The poor child felt the need of youthful sympathy in her tastes and occupations. Dearly as she loved them, her parents were too old to meet all the demands of her young spirit.

After a few moments of silent consideration, I asked: 'Have you no young friend or relative whom your parents would be willing to invite to your home, to be to you as a sister?'

'None that I know of; but even had I, I could never be willing that they should know I had ever felt a want beyond their society. Indeed I ought not, and it is not *very* often such a feeling comes over me. Do not ever speak of it even to me again; I ought not to talk of it.'

The next two days were rainy, and my visits, which had become diurnal, at Rockwood, were intermitted on that account. On the third morning the skies yet looked dark and heavy with clouds, and dubious of the safety of venturing out, I sat meditating over the question which had occupied me since the moment of my conversation with my sweet Agnes, my pet now as well as Cousin Lucy's; the all-important question to me it seemed, how was Agnes's great need to be supplied?

My fruitless speculations were interrupted by Cousin Lucy, who entered my room evidently much excited. 'O Anne!' she exclaimed, 'our sweet Agnes is very ill, very ill! Come, let us hasten to her.'

Strange, but not more strange than true, the same dreadful disease which thirty-five years before had made desolate that dwelling, and well-nigh broken her parents' hearts, had assailed with violence her delicate frame, and there was already fearful danger.

The fever being contagious, I forbade Lucy to go with me; for her children's sake I pleaded, and successfully, for what mother fears not for the life of her children?

So with Jim to drive me to the garden-gate and bring Brownie home again, I set off instantly, not waiting even for the necessary garments for change, which kind Cousin Lucy said she would send up in the afternoon.

I am not equal to describing that sick-room, the patient sufferer, and the stricken parents. Such anguish I have never before seen, and trust I may never see again. There was no word, no sound of woe; but as I looked into their faces, I saw that their lives were bound up in the child's life; that should she now be taken, though with Christian submission they might bend to the blow, their gray hairs would soon be laid with sorrow in the grave. Was the light of their dwelling to be put out? Through all those weary days and nights how this question haunted my spirit; six terrible days and nights. On the seventh morning she awoke from a slumber more than usually calm, and seeing that she was alone with me, she said in her peculiarly quiet tones: 'Dear Miss Anne, I have had such a sweet dream; I seemed in heaven, and a bright angel was given me for a sister, and I was so happy.' She paused a moment and a change passed over her face, and then she said, 'But I cannot be happy *there*,' looking upward, 'when I remember how lonely dear papa and mamma will be.'

I spoke words of cheering and of hope, but my heart failed me as they passed my lips. The dear child's dream I thought a premonition of her departure.

She again sank into that quiet sleep, which this time lasted many hours. We sat watching with intense anxiety the waking, fearing more than hoping; dreading almost to behold her dying while she slept.

She waked, very weak, but free from fever, and hope again dawned. Our sweet Agnes was spared; the sorrowing parents were not bereft of the child of their old age, the reward of a life of patient endurance. Her recovery was gradual but perfect, and before I left Trenton I had the satisfaction of seeing her in even more blooming health than when I at first knew her. Neither Agnes nor her parents would hear of my returning to Cousin Lucy's before my return to my city home; and as I fancied I was of use to them all, I gladly remained.

A few days before I left Rockwood, Agnes said to me as we were alone for a little while, 'Dear Cousin Anne,' for so she always called me from the time of her illness, 'I thought while I was sick, very much about what you said of having some relative or friend here to be as a sister. I thought if I had such a friend how much it would soften my

loss to dear papa and mamma, and how glad I should be to feel that when I was gone they would still have a daughter. And though I am quite well now, I think it would be best, for then they would come to love her almost as well as me; and if I should be sick again, I should not have so many very sad thoughts about leaving them alone in their old age. Did you not hear papa telling us this morning about his old college friend, Mr. Neville, whose daughter had come home to him widowed and with a large family; and dear kind papa said he should send the daughters to school, that they might be prepared for teachers. Now I have thought if he would only take one of them for his own, and let her be as my sister, and let us study together, I should be so glad. Will you not speak to papa about it?

Most willingly I undertook the matter, but while giving dear Agnes's reasons in her own way, I suggested the desirableness of her having youthful society, insisting that both physical and mental health would be thereby improved. Mr. B. thought for a few moments over what I had said, and then calling his wife into the library, we discussed the matter freely. The result was, that after having obtained my promise to wait his return, Mr. Belden set off the next day for L —, some sixty miles distant, to visit his friend Mr. Neville. He returned on the third day with Ellen Meadows, to make a visit; that, he told me, was all he dared to ask at first, so fondly attached did the family appear to each other.

I did not stay long enough to become acquainted with Ellen, but was much pleased with her countenance and manners, and I left Trenton feeling sure that the 'visit' would be a long one.

My letters from dear Agnes, by their joyousness showed the wisdom of the plan, and those from her parents confirmed this impression.

Returned to a city life, amid its dull rounds, I sighed full often for the sound of the rushing waters of the Black river, and the dear society of Rockwood. New ties and new cares have since then prevented my visiting Trenton as I had hoped; but a constant correspondence has been kept up between us.

As for Cousin Lucy, whom I must not slip out of sight so entirely, she is quite well; her dear, kind hands as full as ever, and they always will be full, for if she gain one moment's time from her own cares, she is sure to spend it in lightening those of some body else. I sometimes regret that she is such a very busy body, for she has an intellect which might well be cultivated. But she is doing good, and that, I suppose, is the best thing any body can do; I am sure she thinks so, judging from the energy which she applies to the work. The whole parish are her children; and I verily believe that her good husband's usefulness in the pulpit would be much lessened if the dear, good wife's heart or hand were wanting out of it.

And now you know what reasons I have for loving the good people of Trenton. You will not wonder that for once I am resolved to break away from all my cares and leave my nursery to be superintended by other eyes, when I tell you that the fair bride you saw at my house a year ago, was Agnes Belden, and that I have this morning received a letter from her husband, Neville Meadows, summoning me to share the

joy which fills Rockwood at the advent of a son and heir. I cannot decline the summons, for truly I do long to see my venerable friends with their grand-son in their arms, saying, as I know they will, notwithstanding all their past trials: 'Surely goodness and mercy have followed us all the days of our life: our cup runneth over.'

W H Y D O I L O V E T H E E ?

BY ANNIE CHAMBERS BRADFORD.

Why do I love thee? Strangely o'er my spirit
Comes the weird influence of thy radiant eyes,
And like a lone flower trembling to the night-wind,
My full heart thrills to hear thy low replies.

Why do I love thee? In the sober twilight
I sit with folded hands, the while there comes
Thine image through the dim and flickering fire-light,
With saintly lustre lightening all the glooms.

Why do I love thee? When the watchful Mid-night
Standeth beside my window, crowned with stars,
Thy fingers, O adored and strange magician!
Ope the dark dungeon that my spirit bars:

And, taking in thine own my hands confiding,
Beneath clear skies, beside clear, shining streams,
Where spirit-voices soft and low are singing,
The long night through we roam the realm of dreams.

Day, with its thousand cares, around me presses;
Night, with its thousand memories, shuts me in:
Life, with its dangers and its dark distresses,
Threatens with sorrow, or invites to sin.

But girding on anew my daily burthen,
With patient spirit whence no doubts arise,
Remembering all thy tender, holy counsel,
I tread the way that leadeth to the skies.

There, where no human fortresses are builded,
There, where no pilgrim feet are tired and torn,
We side by side will walk the skies together,
Shod with the sandals by the angels worn.

Memphis, Dec. 15, 1856.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

INAUGURATION OF THE DUDLEY OBSERVATORY at Albany, August the Twenty-Eighth, 1856. In one Pamphlet-volume: pp. 139. Albany: Published from the Press of CHARLES VAN BENTHUYSEN.

THIS elegant volume contains the 'Eulogy' by HON. WASHINGTON HUNT, upon HON. CHARLES E. DUDLEY, the munificence of whose noble-hearted widow 'points to the skies,' and thus consecrates forever her husband's name and her affection: 'Remarks by Dr. B. A. GOULD, upon the same occasion, giving a history of the institution, and conferring merited honor upon those who had joined in carrying it onward to completion, and aiding in the purchase of its fine instruments: 'Remarks,' also, were made by Professor BACHE; and a 'Letter' is given from Mrs. DUDLEY, characterized by a charming simplicity and directness; in which she says: 'For myself, I offer as my share of the required endowment, the sum of fifty thousand dollars, in addition to the advances which I have already made; and trusting that the name which you have given to the Observatory may not be considered as an undeserved compliment, and that it will not diminish the public regard, by giving to the Institution a seemingly individual character.' Then comes the *Discourse of Hon. Edward Everett, upon 'The Uses of Astronomy,'* already noticed (with an eloquent extract) with only too feeble encomiums, in these pages. A worthy successor to this noble tribute to Astronomy, is the '*Poem of Alfred B. Street,*' dedicated to the 'American Association for the Advancement of Science;,' a poem not only worthy of the occasion, but of the high reputation of the poet himself. The invocation to SCIENCE in the opening is very fine; as witness the following:

'It is not thine to rear the fairy fane
Wrought of bright fancies in the glowing brain;
Not thine to summon from the stubborn stone
Forms that all grace and loveliness enthrone;
Not thine to waken on the canvas, hues,
Sister to those imperial Autumn strews;
Thine not the charm, with music's magic shell,
Around the soul to weave delicious spell.

No ! it is thine the loftiest heavens to sweep,
 Pierce the red terrors of the central deep,
 Drag from its depths the shrinking, struggling star,
 And chain it captive to thy conquering car ;
 Then trace, with lowliest eye and subtlest art,
 Life's tiny process in the floweret's heart.

'Thine, to unloose the sky's entangled maze,
 And bid it range in order to thy gaze —
 Where the sun mantles his majestic frame
 In his terrific atmosphere of flame ;
 Where loveliest LUNA sheds on all below
 The streaming silence of her silver snow ;
 Where mourn the Pleiades their sister light
 For long, long ages stricken from their sight ;
 Star of the North, where thou, with faithful sway,
 Lead'st the lone sailor on his surging way : ' etc.

The vastness of the themes of SCIENCE, the objects with which she has to deal, are forcibly portrayed in the following spirited lines :

'SUMMITS whose flint frowns back the smiling Spring,
 Where dies the moss, and cowers the condor's wing ;
 Slopes, where the avalanche its ambush takes,
 Bursts at a breath, and down in thunder breaks ;
 Gulfs, where from year to year the glacier creeps ;
 Cloud-piercing crags the chamois only leaps ;
 Mountains whose thawless snows sublimely rise
 In peaks, like Titans, challenging the skies,
 Where the blood pauses in the blasting air,
 Dauntless treads SCIENCE, searching, conquering there.
 In grassy hollows where the leafy play
 Weaves light and shadow from the golden day,
 Where birds sing sweetly, and the diamond dew
 Is sipped by winds from blooms of every hue ;
 There SCIENCE lingers through the hastening hours,
 Delving the soils, and bending o'er the flowers.

'By streams that bicker in their meteor pass,
 Where scaly glitterings streak the silvery glass,
 There SCIENCE ponders ; and where ledges rise
 In varying strata decked in varying dyes,
 There the light tapping of her hammer calls
 The tip-toe echoes from the loosening walls ;
 She parts the seam — she chains her thoughtful sight
 On marks that show Time's unrecorded flight ;
 Where the grand billow, crumbling from its comb
 With low, rich rumble, swings away in foam ;
 There SCIENCE strays through weed and shell that fringe
 The gleaming strand in many a rainbow tinge ;
 Sweeps o'er the ocean in the tempest's face,
 The surge to measure, and the currents trace ;
 Notes, where the Trades soft winnow o'er the tide
 Bearing the bark in undulating glide,
 And where the black Typhoon bursts red with wrath,
 Tearing the wreck it tramples in its path ;
 Fathoms, where countless periods have spread o'er
 With dead, the deep sea's ever-growing floor ;
 Shows how the insect, by instinctive call,
 Branches and dies — himself his flinty wall ;
 Lifting the continents — the dotting isles
 That dimple Ocean with a thousand smiles.

'Where up from rocky, sunless depths, are cast
 God's written histories of the ages past ;
 Prints, that proclaim where once the monster strode
 Or swept on wings that darkened where they rode ;

Signs, that display when slow progressive earth
 Called the broad bannery coal-fern into birth,
 Whelmed it in gloom, whence, true to Nature's plan,
 Wakening in stone, it gave itself to man :
 There SCIENCE pierces — there her ken perceives
 The world's true records graved on deathless leaves ;
 Builds from a scale — a foot — complete the frame,
 And e'en the era shows to which its life has claim.'

Much and as well as Mr. STREET has written, we remember few pictures from his pen superior to the foregoing. We owe an apology to our poet and to our readers for not having before noticed the ceremonies of the DUNLEY Observatory Inauguration ; but it is only within the week that we received the report of the proceedings here recorded.

THE FRASERIAN PAPERS OF THE LATE WILLIAM MAGINN, LL.D. : Annotated, with a Life of the Author. By R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, D. C. L., Editor of 'NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ,' etc. In one volume : pp. 358. New-York: REDFIELD, Number 34 Beek man-street.

THE late Dr. MAGINN was the very prince of magazine-writers. His personal history may be condensed into a single paragraph. Born in November, 1794, the eldest son of an Irish school-master, he entered Trinity College, Dublin, before he had completed his tenth year, and carried off the Hebrew premium the next day. He graduated before he was fourteen, and took the degree of Doctor of Laws at the age of twenty-three. On his father's death, MAGINN, then twenty years old, became head of the school, and continued so for eleven years, during which he read all sorts of books, and acquired familiar acquaintance with a dozen languages, dead and living. When he was twenty-five, he began to contribute to *Blackwood's Magazine*, now a literary institution, but then only recently established. Here he figured under a variety of signatures, but settled down into the well-known MORGAN O'DOHERTY, who so piquantly and humorously figures in the world-famous 'Noctes Ambrosianæ,' the first of which was actually written by MAGINN. Changing his abode from Cork to London, he became a contributor to the *Quarterly Review*, and Paris correspondent to *The Representative*, a daily newspaper started by JOHN MURRAY, the well-known publisher, at a loss of forty thousand pounds. Next, he became co-editor of *The Standard*, a Tory evening journal in London. Soon after, he assisted in establishing *Fraser's Magazine*, of which he was the main support for several years : and at last, with a constitution broken down, partly by naturally weak health, partly by domestic affliction, and partly by irregularity of habits, he died, in a pleasant hamlet near London, in August, 1842, before he had completed his forty-eighth year.

The details of this life have been fully given in the biography of Dr. MAGINN, prefixed to the volume before us, the fifth and concluding installment of a carefully-collected and laboriously-annotated collection of MAGINN'S

Miscellanies, edited by Dr. SHELTON MACKENZIE, his townsman and his friend. The principal articles, in prose and verse, which MAGINN contributed to *Blackwood*, fill two volumes, under the title of '*The O'Doherty Papers*.' Another volume contains MAGINN's celebrated criticisms, called '*The Shakspeare Papers*,' from *Bentley's Miscellany*, with his elaborate defence of SHAKSPEARE's scholarship, in reply to Dr. FARMER's well-known and not very sagacious pamphlet. The fourth volume contained '*The Homeric Ballads*,' and translations of several of the comedies of LUCIAN, from *Fraser*. The last of the series, and the best too, is this selection from the articles which MAGINN contributed to *Fraser's Magazine*; and we only wonder at this portion of the work being so much compressed, as there are materials in *Fraser* for at least two more volumes of MAGINN's sharp and scholarly articles. However, we must not complain, seeing that Dr. MACKENZIE has given us MAGINN's admirable paper on HAMLET; his characteristic account of the Election of *Fraser's* Editor; his erudite discussion of the question, 'Did HANNIBAL know the use of gunpowder?' his slashing critiques on FENMORE COOPER, 'Great Metropolis' GRANT, N. P. WILLIS, and GRANTLEY BERKELEY's novel, which last led to a duel between the novelist and the critic, in which three shots were exchanged. The editor has judiciously supplied, from his own pen, an account of the circumstances connected with this famous BERKELEY affair.

Independent, however, of what MAGINN himself wrote in this volume, his biography by Mr. MACKENZIE is full of literary and personal interest. It gives a bird's-eye view of British magazine-literature during the twenty-five years, (from 1817 to 1842,) of MAGINN's connection with it, as a sort of Dictator. It also traces the whole career of a brilliant and erratic child of genius, frankly admitting his errors, and holding up his example as a caution and a lesson. It gives extracts from his unpublished or slightly-known 'performances.' It describes, with satisfying quotations, MAGINN's two novels, '*Whitehall*' and '*John Manesty*.' It gives a variety of anecdotes of the man and his contemporaries. For the omission, among MAGINN's Miscellanies, of his celebrated articles on '*The Doctor*,' the following excuse is given; being really too complimentary to this Magazine to be omitted:

'In 1837-8, almost the ablest paper MAGINN ever wrote, appeared in *Fraser*. This was the elaborate article, stretching through three numbers, upon '*The Doctor*,' and proving, chiefly by induction, that SOUTHEY *must* have been the author. Learning, wit, and argument, are here combined. But as the article contains a great many quotations; as SOUTHEY now stands confessedly in the position where MAGINN would have placed him; and as it would occupy nearly a hundred pages, I have not re-printed it here. Beside, the authorship was proved against SOUTHEY (before MAGINN ever discussed the question) in a lucid and comparatively brief review, in the KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE, written by the late HORACE BINNEY WALLACE of Philadelphia. The case was so strongly made out by Mr. WALLACE, that a pretty full abstract of this argument, which I sent to Mr. SOUTHEY, elicited a volunteer denial by him of not only the authorship itself, but of any knowledge of the author!'

Dr. MACKENZIE goes, at some length, into the private history of the most ill-suited and ill-omened marriage of 'L. E. L.,' the English poetess. It is too long to be extracted here, but supplies a necessary link in the history of modern literature. Dr. MACKENZIE, we think, is needlessly delicate in designating Miss LANDON's original suitor as 'Mr. F —.' The person meant is

Mr. JOHN FORSTER, editor of the *London Examiner*, and author of the *Life of OLIVER GOLDSMITH*. MAGINN, albeit he yielded too much to society, was an excellent family-man. A lady who knew him well, writing about him to Dr. MACKENZIE, says :

'He used to come to our house every week with Mrs. MAGINN and the children. He was greatly maligned by his pretended friends, and no one could possibly sit an evening in his company without getting some information on every subject introduced. He had an unfailing memory, and a fund of wit and humor. Many a story which I have heard him tell, I have known to be claimed afterward by others, to whom he had related them, and passed off as their own. Dr. MAGINN was a most affectionate father, fondly attached to his wife, and sincere and firm in his friendship. Unfortunately, he was too popular. There was a constant competition for the society and companionship of a man so gifted, brilliant, and amusing. But he enjoyed home, and there I have passed many happy evenings with him and Mrs. MAGINN.'

Another intimate friend says :

'As to his manner of writing, it was astonishing, for facility. He would write, to all appearance, just as well whilst joining in the fun about him, as if he were alone in his room. MAGINN and ROSSINI have always appeared to me to possess the same talent for putting on paper, with the speed of light, the ideas which were welling up within them, almost in spite of themselves. MAGINN was a most affectionate father, and appeared, if any thing, to like the girls better than the boy. As to them, they were never happier than when with him.'

There is not a little humor, with a great deal of truth, in Dr. MACKENZIE's sketch of JOHN MURRAY's attempt to beat down '*The Times*' by a daily paper of his own :

'Mr. MURRAY gave the name of '*The Representative*' to his daily newspaper. It was exquisitely printed, on the finest paper, and published — not in so vulgar a place as the Strand or Fleet-street, whence most of the London journals are issued, just as the New-York newspaper offices congregate in and about Nassau-street, but — at a highly aristocratical office, in the West End, exactly two miles out of the way. There were all sorts of reports as to the manner in which the paper was got up : rumors of the editorial rooms being richly upholstered 'regardless of expense ;' of matutinal hock-and-soda-water being extensively laid on for the refreshment and revivification of the exquisites who wrote for it ; of the ample supplies of crow-quill pens and gilt-edged and hot-pressed paper provided for their use ; of the peremptory rule that no editorial or 'fashionable' article should be written, unless the author were habited in evening costume ; of delightful lunches, provided from MIVART's, LONG's, or FARRANCE's, for the bodily mid-day sustentation of the editorial corps ; of the admirable full-dress dinners, at which the affairs of the nation were deliberately talked of (over wine and walnuts) previous to their discussion in the newspaper itself ; of a hundred other follies, indicative of the inexperience and unfitness of all concerned in the new journal. The great Republic of the Press ridiculed, as well it might, the exclusiveness with which Mr. MURRAY sought to obtain Imperial rule by his *coup d'état*. Before even it appeared, *The Representative* was familiarly and contemptuously spoken of as '*Murray's Rip*.'

'Among the leading contributors, of whom there was a little army, were some of the principal writers in the *Quarterly Review*. It has been understood that, from the first, Mr. LOCKHART was adverse to the speculation. The editor-in-chief, instead of being a man of experience, tact, and standing, was Mr. BENJAMIN DISRAELI, who, at that time, had not completed his twenty-first year ! This young gentleman, gifted son of a very erudite and veteran author, had merely written — *not yet published* — his first work, '*Vivian Grey*,' but was smart in conversation, imposing in manner, ambitious in character, and utterly inexperienced in newspaper business. He has since worthily achieved a great reputation, as author, orator, politician, and statesman ; but it must be confessed that, among the whole literary corps of London, Mr. MURRAY could scarcely have picked out any person so imperfectly qualified, at that time (more than thirty years ago) to act as conductor of a morning journal of pretension.'

We have a glimpse here, also, of the manner in which MAGINN edited *Fraser*. One of his principles was, to accept good articles, without reference to the authorship. We are told : 'Had his most bitter enemy sent in

a first-rate article, adapted to the Magazine, its insertion would have been warmly welcomed by MAGINN.' He was wholly above literary jealousy, and actually put MAHONY, ('Father PROUT,') KENEALY, and THACKERAY in as regular contributors to *Fraser*. We notice that, in very indignant language, Dr. MACKENZIE condemns Mr. THACKERAY for having introduced MAGINN, to whom he owed much, into 'Pendennis,' as Captain SHANDON. Are the two characters so much alike?

'MAGINN,' (says his biographer,) 'certainly was in full fling during the first year of his connection with *Fraser's Magazine*. He seldom wrote a line for it until within a week or so of publication-day, when he would drop in at FRASER'S, partake of what he used to call 'a one-joint dinner' with the bibliopole; discuss affairs in general — literary, political, personal, and social — over a few glasses of whiskey-punch, and then set to, 'with a will,' as sailors say, to hard writing during the next five or six hours. His facility was truly surprising, and appeared the same, no matter what subject he attacked. Page after page of 'copy' was rapidly flung off, with scarcely an erasure, the writer seldom having occasion to refer to any book to ascertain a date or a fact, or to verify a quotation. His memory appeared at once exhaustless and cyclopaedic. In the course of one such sitting he would easily turn out a sheet (sixteen octavo pages) of original composition, which he would dispatch without going over it for correction, to the printing-office, as it was written.'

With this we must conclude, having said enough to indicate what manner of book this is. The *Life of MAGINN* is unquestionably the best-sustained as well as the best-written of the numerous productions with which Dr. MACKENZIE has favored us during the last three years. He evidently has intimate acquaintance with his subject: he has industriously collected and sifted details; he has laid MAGINN'S most intimate friends under contribution for personal traits and anecdotes; and above all, with strong sympathy for the dead, he has literally made this memoir 'a labor of love.' The result is, the man written about seems brought before us in actual, bodily presence; and, as we close the book, we sigh, with admiration for undoubted genius, and regret over talents wasted: 'Alas! poor YORICK!'

CYCLOPÆDIA OF WIT AND HUMOR: of America, Ireland, Scotland, and England. By WILLIAM E. BURTON, Comedian. Embellished with some Six Hundred Engravings. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

THE general agent for this work, we may as well state in our 'opening, as the lawyers term it, is Mr. J. B. FORD, Number Nine, APPLETONS' Building. It is sold by subscription only; will be published in twenty-four semi-monthly parts, at twenty-five cents each, or four divisions, handsomely bound, at two dollars each. The engravings are from original designs, and are to be of the best description, in their kind. The portrait of the Editor, Mr. WILLIAM E. BURTON, the popular comedian, is not only a speaking likeness; one which, as HENRY INMAN used to say, 'bites,' but it is most admirably engraved by Mr. JACKMAN. The very great number of smaller engravings, if we may judge from those which appear in the two 'Parts' before us, will be such as to do credit to the work; while the paper and printing, to

complete our notice of the externals of the work, are such as to leave nothing to be desired.

A 'Cyclopædia of Wit and Humor' could hardly be placed in better hands than those of Mr. BURTON. Aside from his keen appreciation of these qualities, and his own literary and professional performances in this kind, he has had before him one of the most voluminous, best-selected, and best-arranged libraries from which to select, that it has been our fortune often to meet. His stores, therefore, reach to the earliest dates of those selections which would be likely to be acceptable to general readers, now and hereafter. Beginning with the AMERICAN division, therefore, he commences with '*The Merry Song of the Maypole*,' written in 1625, 'undoubtedly the first piece of hilarious verse composed on the continent of North-America;' he then comes later down, and gives us more familiar pieces; such as 'Father ABBEY'S Will,' 'Dr. BYLES' CAT,' the 'Original Song of Yankee-Doodle,' 'The Frogs of Windham,' JOEL BARLOW'S 'Hasty-Pudding,' etc. In our own era, WASHINGTON IRVING, HALLECK, BRYANT, SANDS, BRAINERD, and others are remembered, both in prose and verse. We regret not to find quoted from BRAINERD the most humorous and most admirable burlesque he ever wrote, entitled '*The Sea-Captain*,' and describing an encounter, on a thick night in Long-Island Sound, by a Charleston schooner, with a Methodist meeting-house, which in a freshet had floated from the banks of the Thames river, near Norwich, into that 'stormy water.' There are two capital 'hits' in '*How to Receive a Challenge*,' from a work entitled '*Modern Chivalry*,' by BRACKENRIDGE, written in 1796. The first is a reply to a challenge, which could scarcely have assuaged the wrath of the 'party' to whose cartel it was a reply:

"SIR: I have two objections to this duel matter. The one is, lest I should hurt you; and the other is, lest you should hurt me. I do not see any good it would do me to put a bullet through any part of your body. I could make no use of you when dead for any culinary purpose, as I would a rabbit or a turkey. I am no cannibal to feed on the flesh of men. Why then shoot down a human creature of which I could make no use? A buffalo would be better meat. For though your flesh may be delicate and tender, yet it wants that firmness and consistency which takes and retains salt. At any rate, it would not be fit for long sea-voyages. You might make a good barbecue, it is true, being of the nature of a raccoon or an opossum; but people are not in the habit of barbecuing any thing human now. As to your hide, it is not worth taking off, being little better than that of a year-old colt.

"It would seem to me a strange thing to shoot at a man that would stand still to be shot at; inasmuch as I have been heretofore used to shoot at things flying, or running, or jumping. Were you on a tree now, like a squirrel, endeavoring to hide yourself in the branches, or like a raccoon, that after much eyeing and spying, I observe at length in the crotch of a tall oak, with boughs and leaves intervening, so that I could just get a sight of his hinder parts, I should think it pleasurable enough to take a shot at you. But as it is, there is no skill or judgment requisite either to discover or take you down.

"As to myself, I do not much like to stand in the way of any thing harmful. I am under apprehensions you might hit me. That being the case, I think it most advisable to stay at a distance. If you want to try your pistols, take some object, a tree, or a barn-door, about my dimensions. If you hit that, send me word, and I shall acknowledge that if I had been in the same place, you might also have hit me.

"JOHN FARRAGO, *Late Captain, Penn. Militia.*

"MAJOR VALENTINE JACKO, *U. S. Army.*"

'The captain was a good man, but unacquainted with the world. His ideas were drawn chiefly from what may be called the old school; the Greek and Roman notions of things. The combat of the duel was to them unknown; though it seems strange, that a people who were famous for almost all arts and sciences, should have remained ignorant of its use. I do not conceive how, as a people, they could exist without it: but so it was, they actually were without the knowledge of it. For we do not find any trace of this custom in the poets or historians of all antiquity.'

Our second, and we are sorry to say only other extract, represents a certain captain trying (*par la gauche*) to make a red-headed Irish servant 'stand' for a treaty-Indian, at the solicitation of a treaty-agent, who considered his double brogue abundantly sufficient to deceive the commissioners, and obtain the desiderated money. TEAGUE (the servant's name) was also to be made a king:

'TEAGUE coming in, said the captain to him, 'TEAGUE, I have discovered in you, for some time past, a great spirit of ambition, which is, doubtless, commendable in a young person; and I have checked it only in cases where there was real danger or apparent mischief. There is now an opportunity of advancing yourself, not so much in the way of honor as profit. But profit brings honor, and is, indeed, the most substantial support of it. There has been a man here with me, that carries on a trade with the Indians, and tells me that red-headed scalps are in great demand with them. If you could spare yours, he would give a good price for it. I do not well know what use they make of this article, but so it is, the traders find their account in it. Probably they dress it with the hairy side out, and make tobacco-pouches for the chiefs, when they meet in council. It saves dyeing, and besides, the natural red hair of a man may, in their estimation, be superior to any color they can give by art. The taking off the scalp will not give much pain, it is so dexterously done by them with a crooked knife they have for that purpose. The mode of taking off the scalp is this: You lie down on your face; a warrior puts his feet upon your shoulders, collects your hair in his left hand, and drawing a circle with the knife in his right, makes the incision, and with a sudden pull, separates it from the head, giving, in the mean time, what is called the scalp-yell. The thing is done in such an instant, that the pain is scarcely felt. He offered me a hundred dollars, if I would have it taken off for his use; giving me directions in the mean time, how to stretch it and dry it on a hoop. I told him, no! it was a perquisite of your own, and you might dispose of it as you thought proper. If you choose to dispose of it, I had no objection; but the bargain should be of your own making, and the price such as should please yourself. I have sent for you to give you a hint of this chapman, that you may have a knowledge of his wish to possess the property, and ask accordingly. It is probable you may bring him up to a half Johannes more by holding out a little. But I do not think it would be advisable to lose the bargain. A hundred dollars for a little hairy flesh is a great deal. You will trot a long time before you make that with me. He will be with you probably to propose the purchase. You will know him when you see him: he is a tall-looking man, with leggins on, and has several Indians with him going to a treaty. He talked to me something of making you a king of the Kickapoos, after the scalp is off; but I would not count on that so much; because words are but wind, and promises are easily broken. I would advise you to make sure of the money in the first place, and take chance for the rest.'

TEAGUE was not long in intimating his dissatisfaction at the proposition: the very hair of his scalp rose in opposition to it: 'The hair of the O'RAGANS was not to be torn from his head and given to the bastes to make mackescens to trot upon, or smoke with, out of their long pipes!' Our present notice has reached a hurried yet necessary termination: we hope, however, to be able hereafter to refer to the successive 'Parts,' as the work advances.

A BOOK OF PUBLIC PRAYER : Compiled from the Authorized Formularies of Worship of the Presbyterian Church, as Prepared by the Reformers, CALVIN, KNOX, BUCER, and Others : with Supplementary Forms. In one Volume : pp. 360. New-York : CHARLES SCRIBNER.

THE laudable object of this excellently-printed work is one which we are sure will commend itself to a wide public acceptance. Its design is to furnish Ministers of the Gospel, and those who, in Theological Seminaries, are preparing for the Ministry, with models of Public Devotion, approved and recommended by the Church, that may facilitate that study of the best writers on the subject, which is enjoined by the '*Directory of Worship*,' upon all who lead in offices of religion : to parish laymen, who, in remote and destitute settlements, may be called upon, in the absence of ministers, to conduct religious exercises : and to supply a desideratum in the case of chaplains in the Army and Navy, etc.

For ourselves, we welcome this volume with unfeigned pleasure. We welcome it because its forms of public prayer, (not a few of which seem taken with slight *emendation* — it could not be *amendation* — from the noble service of the Episcopal Church.) In our boyhood, when we lived in the country, among the 'straitest sect' of the class for which this work is designed, what long, rambling, incoherent, yet doubtless earnest and devout prayers were offered up ! There was a *fashion*, too, about them ; and one prayer became a copy of some *other* prayer, delivered by a parson who wore black 'store-goods' instead of the fulled flannel, (black as it could be made at the 'fullin'-mill and dye-shop,') who shined like a glass-bottle as he walked over the green to Deacon DADY'S, to take nut-cakes, and cider, and sage-cheese, and p'int conferences, and prayer-meetin's, and monthly missions and coal-porters — at 'early candle-lighting,' mostly. There was a fashion of *pronunciation*, too. Every minister, in *that* neighborhood, at least, began his prayer with : 'We per-ray-THEE, Ul-me-ighty Gwod,' etc. But we are rambling. Let us say again, that we cordially welcome this volume. Dear old Parson W —, (he is in Heaven, now, if ever a good man went there,) who was our first minister, prayed so long on one occasion, that he broke his leg. It's a fact : and the way of it was this : The meetin'-house 'fixings' had been renewed, and he had a new box to stand on, in the pulpit : he made a gesture in his prayer, which disturbed his equilibrium, and down he went. He did n't finish his petition, but got up pretty soon, and read one of Mr. WATTS'S severest hymns, and preached a sermon, without notes, to the carpenter who made the box, who was a Universalist, and who, (it being a very hot day,) was seen to cover his face with a red and-yellow bandanna handkerchief. What he was 'a-doing on,' nobody knew : but 'some folks said,' remarked Deacon CLARK, as we were going home, 'that he was 'a-laughin'. Can't tell : we were cutting an 'L' with a BARLOW-knife, at that time, through the great red square pew, and looking at the shimmering sun-rays on the distant fields. It's a good while ago now ; but it's as true as you live — every word.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE 'ADVENTURE OF SAM JONES AND ME,' by our 'Up-River' correspondent should have graced our last number; *but* — it came just two days too late. It is quite too good, however, to lose any thing by the delay. *Apropos*, howbeit, of this: we wish all our correspondents to understand, that by the tenth of each month, all the matter for the succeeding number of the KNICKERBOCKER must be in type, corrected, made up, and ready for the pressmen:

'*Longa Insula!* — famous isle of the sea — whose eastern extreme, as pictured on the map, resembles very strongly the open jaws of an immense crocodile, outstretched to receive the sailors, whale-ships and all. There Sag Harbor lies nestled, a city not set on a hill, but its light is not hid, for it is illuminated in all its streets and habitations, not with oleaginous pig, but with pure sperm oil, fresh from the whale. What lamps should not have it, if not those of New-Bedford and Sag Harbor?

'Long-Island, though not so celebrated by literary pens, abounds in incidents of story from Brooklyn to Montauk Point, as much as the adjacent main. WASHINGTON IRVING has scarcely crossed over the ferries, but Judge BENSON in his discourses before the New-York Historical Society —

'In these discourses, printed and published in a thin volume, by the Judge himself, (would that I had it by me to prove what I say,) you will find as a forerunner, a curious exemplification of the literary style of THOMAS CARLYLE, before ever CARLYLE was known, and I shrewdly suspect that like other English authors, he has just cabbaged a hint from the American, *alias* Yankee, built up his reputation upon it, and said nothing about it. When I next write, I will send you a passage from that little book.

'Judge BENSON has related several curious and early legends; as for instance, that of the Devil's Stepping-Stones, whereby the devil used to make long strides to the Connecticut shore, and was so pleased with it as a place of permanent residence, that he has remained there ever since. It is true that he bequeathed the print of his foot-steps to the Long-Island rocks; and it would take higher tides, and stronger winds, and more swashing rains, than any yet known, to wash them out, with their deep-sunken heels and perilous claws; but he went bodily over to the people of steady habits, hypocritically allied himself with all their stricter ways; ensconced himself snugly on the wagons of tin-peddlers; blew his horn on the Sabbath; spent the week-days in fashioning out cinnamon-nutmegs; encouraged them

in speculation, and the doing of 'cute things; and whenever a church-steeple went up higher and more to a point than it should do, made its weather-cock shake in the wind just like an aspen-leaf. Moreover, on Thanksgiving and Fast-days he used to stalk about the corn-fields, and while the turkeys were eaten up, laid seige to the very fastnesses of Power.

'Long-Island has not been unstoried, nor will be. Babylon, Setauket, Speonk, Good-Ground, Mosquito Cove, and Hungry Harbor — christen them by what new names you please — have their own tales to tell. The south shore has been full of wrecks, and there is not a fisherman's hut where the inmates cannot entertain you by the hour, if you happen to sit by their fire-sides, with what they have seen washed up. Go to Hempstead, where the 'Mexico' was wrecked in years gone by. An old man and his son went out in a small boat through the breakers, and rescued a few, but the next morning when the sun rose, the beach was covered with ice-clad bodies, and the spars and rigging of the ship were full of dead men, lashed fast, all covered with icy mail, looking with frozen eyes towards the shore.

'The History of Long-Island, written by THOMPSON, the indefatigable antiquarian, is as full of information as an egg is with meat; all about the Lords of the Manors, the NICHOLSES, and others of that 'ilk,' all about the principal men and their families, when born, and where buried. Then it comes down to Revolutionary times, and speaks of the Prison-ships. THOMPSON did not think any labor lost in travelling to a tomb-stone to find out a name, or date, and when he got it, it was hard to tell what was the use of so much trouble. Antiquarianism is a rare gift. The spirit of the age is against it. When we find that we have been reading by mistake a newspaper two days old, it is thrown down in disgust. If an embalmed PLATO were dug up, and the weather was a little chilly, and no wood at hand nine out of ten would think that the most sensible appropriation of him would be for a back-log, both on account of pleasant flame and fragrant odor. COBBETT, a great practical philosopher, who spoke the king's English, and wrote it well, once lived on Long-Island, and introduced the cultivation of Ruta Baga turnips. I do not know whether the farmers considered them any better than 'Rooshy tarnips.' His house was near the road which leads to 'Success Pond,' which, like all hill-top ponds, was said to have no bottom, but several persons have been drowned in the middle of it, and were usually found on the bottom.

'*Mem.* : Such is the case with some individuals who are supposed to be 'deeper than plummet ever sounded,' so that no messages from common brains can be telegraphed through their sublime profundity; but sink the lead, and you will stir up mud in any place through the whole extent of their genius, from Cape BACON to Point Skolastikos.

'HAWK'S 'Fire-Island Ana' have been read with zest in days past, when the American Monthly Magazine was living, and may be re-perused with pleasure. Rockaway, although the most accessible watering place, has lost caste in the perversions of modern fashion. It has no grass, no trees, but there is no such beach, there are no such breakers on the Atlantic sea-board; there is no such fresh, exhilarating, and wildly desert-place where you can pat the mane of the uncaged ocean. Mr. VERPLANCK, in his paper on GARRICK, read before the Sketch Club, says of it: 'In that most pleasant resort congregated in many a hot day of July and August the *élite* of the dramatic corps, and much of the fashion and talent of New-York. There was CHARLES WILKES, the well-read banker, and Major FAIRLIE, a rare combination of the old soldier with the old-fashioned alderman, of the epicurean wit with the methodical and accurate man of rules and orders — for

he was for thirty years the Clerk of the Supreme Court, in the old days of the un-reformed and uncoded legal procedure, when TIDD and CHITTY were still authorities. There, too, was his daughter, MARY FAIRLIE, (afterwards Mrs. COOPER,) then 'the glass of fashion and the mould of form' to her own sex, and the admired and courted by the other. She had much of her father's wit in her lively conversation, and on paper she wanted nothing but the habits and opportunities of authorship to have left a literary fame. Her letters — I am proud to have six or seven of them bearing my address — if collected would rival those of Lady MONTAGUE or Madame DE SÉVIGNÉ. Thither often sauntered up from his favorite farm-house, lodging on the ocean's brink, the elder OGDEN HOFFMAN, habitually covering up out of sight, with a boyish jocularly, the acute intellect, the persuasive eloquence, and the large and ready mental resources which elevated him into another and superior man at the bar, on the bench, and in the halls of legislation. With him was his son, the younger OGDEN HOFFMAN, then just rising into manhood, but already giving evidence of the many brilliant and amiable and noble qualities that adorned his maturer years. There, too, sometimes came JOHN WELLS, who had been a volunteer theatrical critic for the press in his youth, of which some symptoms might still be found in the fastidious accuracy of his elocution, and the somewhat studied elegance of his forensic manner; but we all knew him then, and honored him only as he is described in language of equal simplicity and beauty, in the epitaph on the monument erected to him by the New-York bar, in St. PAUL'S Church, Broadway, as a man who 'adorned his profession by his learning and talents, and elevated it by his virtues.' There, also, I presume must have often come the IRVINGS; or at least WASHINGTON and his elder brother, Dr. IRVING; but I never met them there, and they were both much in Europe some of those years.'

'Many more reminiscences of Rockaway will be found in the same charming paper lately published in the 'Crayon.' Within a few years the southern and eastern villages of the island were interesting for their primitive habits, and although the people were not still summoned to meeting by the rolling of a drum, they smacked very much of the olden times when BILL BARKALOO was fined and reprimanded for kissing BECKY SCUDDER in the corn-field.

'It remains only for me to celebrate Yaphank forthwith. Long-Island Rail-Road is an unfortunate institution. It cost more to begin with than if it had been constructed through mountain-valleys. In winter it is invariably snowed up, and Sag Harbor is once more out of the world, and from want of access to the foreign paper-mills, is sometimes compelled to print its local news on yellow or sky-blue wrapping-paper of any size which can be had. It is impossible to reach your dead relatives. Before you know they are dead, their tomb-stones may be cut, and the violets on their graves. During the time of drifts, they are not much better off on the eastern end than in the days of Captain KYD. SAM JONES and I, nevertheless, ventured in our youthful folly, to attend a party at Yaphank, which, at that time, was a treasure-house of pretty girls. We crossed the East-River, the keel of the boat grinding and grating the ice-cakes, and climbed up on the Brooklyn coast, *à la* HENRY WARD BEECHER. Thence we journeyed by rail to the pleasant village of Jamaica, so on, cutting our way through three snow-banks and one cow to Hempstead-on-the-plains. Here was the terminus of travel by that mode, for beyond the engineers had been at work for a month with their scrapers, and the excavations were scarce made when again the snows fell and the winds blew, and no tracks were to be seen. Thence we journeyed by sleigh very comfortably over beaten roads many miles to a tavern called the 'Rising Sun,' where we supped, and

the person who had brought us there cracked his whip and set his face again toward Hempstead. Finding no horses in the stable, for they had all been preëngaged to carry the young folks to some tavern-ball, we laid our knapsacks on our backs and started for a farm-house two miles off, where we expected readily to procure the means to reach the desiderated Yaphank. This was the first lack of judgment which we had shown thus far, and to JONES it has been an invaluable lesson ever since. He remains in *statu quo*, and you can never persuade him to budge an inch until it has been mathematically demonstrated to his satisfaction that he will be able to get on. We should have looked at the sky; we should have been weather-wise, but we were otherwise. We should have foregone the party, made ourselves comfortable at our inn, *large reponens lignum super foco*, piling up plenty of pitch-pine on the hearth, requested the landlord to serve up some clams on the shell, and then gathering up all the old newspapers on the bar-room table, gone in for a literary treat. But we were booked for a different chamber, and not for a feather-bed at the Inn. There had been a threatening snow-bank over head, and an enchainment of the elements began already to shake off a few flakes like the crumpled feathers of doves. The shades of night were beginning to fall; there would be no moon, no stars. Mr. SAMMIS shook his head doubtfully. 'Gentlemen, I don't wish to keep you agin your will. We'll do the best we can for you, and send you off airy in the mornin'. There may be no *difficul'*, but it looks kind o' threatening. Not long ago a man got lost onto the plains. He followed the only track there was. Four times he came round to the judge's stand, and then, says he: 'I give it up. We're onto a race-course.'

'We were not wise enough to take Mr. SAMMIS' advice, and set him down as a provincial. So we started off cheerily, saying it was but a mile or two, and we would e'en stretch our legs a little, and perhaps partake of his hospitality on our return. We had not advanced half a mile before the dark came down and the snows too, as if the banks above had opened their exchequers. A sharp wind drove them directly into our faces; great columns from the plain beat upon us with blinding effect. Every now and then we were compelled to turn our backs to the gust and hold on to one another to withstand the force of the wind, while our cloaks were lifted up, flapping about with a crumpling sound, and only held about our necks by the clasps. When peace had been tolerably restored, we pushed on again until another windy breaker brought us to anchor. It was almost impossible to see. If there were any 'little candle' in any farm-house it did not cast forth its rays for us. I had lately read in the newspaper of a man on a western prairie who was going to a religious meeting on a Saturday night, and lost his way. The next day he was found devoured to the very bones by hungry wolves. I told the incident to Mr. JONES to beguile the time. He did not relish it over-much, and could scarce groan out something by way of reply, that there were no wolves on Long-Island, when a perfect tornado swept about our ears, and we were forced to fall flat on our faces, poking our noses into the snow like camels in the sand. We now thought that we would return, but Mr. SAMMIS' friendly house was out of view, and we would stand as much chance in that direction as of reaching Yaphank. So, after a moment's consultation, we resolved to push on, going in as direct a line as we could without compass or guiding star, and as good as blindfold. All the pathways and tracks were already covered up. We were advancing on a slight run during a lull of the storm, when we were suddenly arrested and thrown upon our backs, as it were, without hands. Something pressed against us tightly but resolutely at the knees and at the breast. We tried it again and were pushed back; we stretched out our hands and could find nothing. 'What is it?' said I.

'I know now,' replied JONES. 'Some Dutchman's house ought to be not far off. It is a wire fence.'

'We crawled through the slender bars, and had not gone far when we were encouraged by seeing a few feet in advance of us, as we hoped, the Dutchman himself. We hailed him, but no response came, he stood bolt upright and did not budge.

'He is afraid of us,' whispered JONES; 'he is feeling for his pistols. Hallo, there! we've lost our way to Yaphank.'

'No reply.

'He's frozen as stiff as a statue,' said JONES.

'We approached and felt his hat, which was a broad-brimmed felt. He had a stick in his hand; he had on no over-coat, and his surtout lacked a tail; his breeches were sadly out at the knees; and, on farther examination, we thought he must have been an old soldier, for a tattered sleeve hung by his side with no arm therein. To say the least, he had been very poorly provided against the winter blast, but enough so for a *scare-crow*! This was a great disappointment to us; but before we reached the wires on the opposite side of the corn-field again, the winds blew their battle trumpets, the pelting sleets came into our faces, we went down upon our knees and covered up our faces in our cloaks. Presently a dim light was visible, but in an opposite direction from that in which we thought we ought to go. We would have made for it, however, but it soon disappeared. We thought of the snug room which we had left at the 'Rising Sun;' we thought of the party which was then going on at Yaphank; and last of all, if the worst came to the worst, whether we would be able to stand it until the morning dawned. Probability favored the conclusion that we would be out all night. For myself, I had not yet suffered, but JONES began to be chilled. At this stage we commenced to shout at the top of our voices, but no echoes were returned. We listened in hopes to hear the baying of dogs in the nearest farm-yard, but all was still. In half an hour, sure enough, we had redoubled our track, crawled through another wire-fence, as we supposed, and came round again to the *scare-crow*.

'The weather was not of exceeding intensity, and at this point JONES and myself thought of the judge's stand, and in spite of our distress, laughed outright. We tried to hear the roar of the sea, and having settled as well as we could the points of the compass, started once more with tolerable courage, for Yaphank. Oh! the cheerful rooms, the beautiful faces, the lights, the music, the quadrilles — the supper! We began to be hungry.

'I wish that BOB knew our position,' said JONES; 'there would be little merriment in that house if they were aware that we were perishing on the plains. Anyhow, I can stand it for a few hours more. If I get torpid rouse me, will yer?'

'Oh! yes, I'll rouse you if you get torpid.'

'The hurricane was unabated, and we floundered on with our hearts set on Yaphank. Hours passed, but nothing came into view. 'SAM,' said I, 'I believe we shall have to make a night of it.'

'No answer.

'If we keep in motion it is hardly cold enough for us to freeze with these warm cloaks. Mine is only too heavy. How are your feet?'

'No answer.

'We can't starve very well. Mr. SAMMIS' supper will sustain us till day-break, although a bite would be acceptable.'

'No answer.

'Cheer up, don't be discouraged. We can hardly be a mile from some habitation. This adventure will be worth narrating when we get to Yaphank.'

'No answer.

'Good gracious, man! where are you?' I stretched out my arms and my companion was no longer at my side. I ran this way and that, but could neither feel him nor see him. A horrid sense of affright came over me that he had fallen insensible at my side and that I had left him somewhere in the rear. To find him again might be as hard as to find Yaphank. My heart galloped. I paused momentarily, and with a voice which would have risen above the Rockaway breakers, or beaten that of a drowning man, so prodigious was it, (I did not get over the vocal exercise for a week,) cried aloud: 'SAM! SAM! SAM!'

'A response came up as it were *de profundis*: 'Here! here! here!'

'I rushed in the direction whence it came, and stepping off some steep place, rolled over and over, and at last found myself imbedded in the snows.

'This way,' said JONES, 'I'm not hurt.'

'I felt around and put my hand upon a — *skeleton*. I felt the bare ribs—it was the skeleton of an old horse. We had fallen into a sand-hole. The earth had caved away and left a superincumbent ledge. Fumbling about, I found JONES, who groaned lamentably and deplored his sad fate. We soon perceived that we were protected from the blast, and lighting a wax match and turning a newspaper into a torch, in order to inspect our position, found that it was most fortunate. The frozen ledge hung over, we crawled under it and the drifting snows soon shut us into a most comfortable cave. Here then we would pass the night. We had not parted with our small portmanteaus which we had carried about our necks. We now examined them, put on an additional pair of stockings, and made other dispositions for our present comfort. A couple of crackers were found, and we washed them down with a snow-ball, wrapped our cloaks about us, lighted our segars, and sitting close together, were soon warm as if we had been sitting in Mr. SAMMIS' parlor. We fairly chuckled with a sense of comfort, and would not at that moment have exchanged the cave for the very chambers of revelry. As those who are in a snug, warm bed love to hear the pattering of the rain on the roof, or the violent outbursts of the storm, so did we in our ensconced position the screaming winds, or as these died away at intervals, the heavy roll and booming of the surf. Sociably and cheerfully did we converse for an hour, and then agreed that when we reached Yaphank we would say nothing of our particular adventure, but simply lay our detention to the storm; and from that day to this none have known it. We lighted another wax taper and looked at the dial of our watches. It was two o'clock. Mr. JONES then said: 'Do not disturb me, I am going to say my prayers!'

'Soundly and comfortably we slumbered, like Esquimaux in their burrows. At six o'clock, or as soon as it was fairly light, we started forth, and the farm-house for which we had been striving appeared plainly in sight. Had we kept on we might have reached it on the previous night, but that, besides bringing out the dogs, disturbing and perhaps frightening the farmer and his family, would have impoverished our adventure. The worthy man who was just moving about, harnessed his horses and took us to our destination, having first kindly urged us to stay until his woman had provided breakfast. PETE, the old negro, had just kindled a rousing fire of corn-cobs and hickory in the kitchen fire-place at the old homestead of our friends at Yaphank. We were seated by the coffee-urn when the family came down. BOB, and EMILY, and SUSAN, and the rest were full of inquiries as to where we had been and why we had not arrived in season for the

party. We, however, kept mum, regretted that the Long-Island trains could not be relied on in winter, and during the next three days made up for lost pleasure. On our return, Mr. SAMMIS was curious to know how we had fared on the night in question, and we declared to him frankly that we had done better if we had taken his advice. So ended the adventure of SAM JONES AND ME.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — Listen to '*John Phenix in New-Orleans*:' and also have the kindness to tell us *what it is*: that enables one man, writing *currente calamo*, with no attempt at 'writing' at all, to beat out-and-out your labored quill-drivers, who 'describe till they darken, and illustrate till they confound?' As the grave-digger in HAMLET says, 'Marry, tell us *that*, and unyoke:'

'THE ST. CHARLES HOTEL is a lively and bustling village of about one thousand inhabitants, pleasantly situated on the left bank of St. CHARLES street, which meanders through the centre of that sweet and swampy city, New-Orleans.

'The building presents a fine architectural appearance, being built of white limestone, and having in front a colonnade of massive pillars, which have a very imposing effect, in more than one sense, as they look like marble, and are in fact brick covered with stucco. But in spite of its conglomerate character, the structure is a fine one to gaze upon; and its inhabitants, owners, and New-Orleans at large, are proud and happy in its possession, and well they may be. The 'St. CHARLES' is the Mecca of the Southern States. When the last bale of cotton has been shipped from the plantation and the last hogshead of sugar has followed it; when falling leaves and frosty mornings betoken the approach of winter; when the Spanish moss waves grandly from the lofty trees, alone in its verdure, and greasy niggers loiter idly on the river banks, their large mouths watering over visions of 'possum and hominy,' then does the planter, rejoicing over the account of sales received from his agent, pack his trunks, gather together his family and prepare for his yearly pilgrimage. Having seen his family safely and comfortably bestowed in their luxurious state-rooms on board the floating palace that is to take him to New-Orleans, he then proceeds to the 'social hall,' where, after indulging in sundry potent libations of corn-juice with a good set of fellows with whom he finds himself at once acquainted, our planter gladly accepts the invitation of an innocent-looking youth to play a little game of 'euchre,' 'just for amusement.' The game accordingly commences and the party are soon deeply engaged in the mysteries of 'passing,' 'ordering up,' and 'going it alone.' But the best of games becomes tiresome at last, and the planter feels relieved when one of the party proposes to change the game to 'draw-poker' with a dime 'ante,' 'just to make it interesting.' Pokers are drawn and the battle has begun in serious earnest. Our planter has various success; now he is ten, perhaps twenty ahead, now five or ten 'out,' when suddenly, the innocent youth having the deal, he receives a hand of blissful promise, three queens, a seven, and four. How jealously our friend examines his hand, holding his cards tightly together and moving them just sufficiently to be quite sure there is no mistake about it. Then with a careless laugh he discards the worthless seven and four, and says he believes he'll 'go in.' They all 'go in,' and a mass of silver, with one or two aged and crumpled shin-plasters, adorns the centre

of the table. The innocent youth deals, and our planter, to his great satisfaction, receives a pair of nines. He slips his cards hastily together, lays them on the table and awaits the result of the betting. The red-nosed man on his right 'goes a five;' the man with the battered hat opposite, sees that and goes ten better; the innocent youth 'passes,' and our planter, in a voice tremulous with emotion, 'sees' the last bet and 'goes fifty better.' The man with the red nose groans and asks if he may take down his money, but the man with the battered hat, pushing that article of dress still farther down over his sinister brow, puts his hand in his pocket and pulls forth the money. Here it is, twenty, forty, sixty, 'two hundred dollars better!' The planter is surprised. He takes another secret but earnest glance at his cards. 'A full,' it can't be beaten. Out comes the old pocket-book, and he 'calls.' 'Four kings,' says the man with the battered hat, and with the most business-like air imaginable rakes down the money with one hand and turns over his cards with the other.

'Our planter is disgusted, he leaves the table with an imprecation referring to the soul of the innocent youth, takes more corn-juice, and excepting a little dash at 'chuck-a-luck,' at which he loses seven dollars and wins a horn-handled knife and a pocket-book, tempts fortune no farther during the voyage. Meanwhile the innocent youth and his comrades divide the money in the 'barber's shop,' and go on shore at the next landing, well pleased with their success.

'On arriving at the St. CHARLES the planter's party are supplied with a parlor and the necessary sleeping apartments, and commence living at the rate of about five bales of cotton a week. The ladies come down to dinner the first day, presenting perhaps a slightly seedy appearance. Hoops have not yet been heard of at Kentucky Bend, and the bareges and organdies of last summer's wear look but limp and tawdry, and compare unfavorably with the brilliant silk robes that surround them. Still our family preserve a confident and well-satisfied air; they know 'there's a good time coming;' and it is refreshing to observe the defiant glance they cast upon any individual who may chance to look too long or scrutinizingly at their habiliments. The next day the chrysalis has opened, the full-painted butterfly comes forth. 'Par' has been to his agents, the ladies have been to Madame WEASEL and Mlle. CHARGENUFF, and silk robes, with fearful flounces, hoops of vast dimensions, point lace, ribbons, and other flummery, are the order of the day.

'They breakfast at ten o'clock in the ladies' ordinary, an operation which takes two hours and a half; then they go forth 'shopping' (a groan comes in here from every BENEDICT who reads this paper) until three; then 'ADELINE, the hair-dresser,' performs the most remarkable feats with their natural locks and the new braids they have purchased, and at half-past four they descend to dinner, arrayed in such magnificence as SOLOMON in all his glory never began to have the least idea of.

'Dinner, which consists principally in an animated contest with the waiters, who won't bring any thing they are sent for, but will persist in carrying every thing off that may chance to be upon the table, lasts an hour or two, and then our ladies all adjourn to the parlor, where sitting around in groups, surrounded by their favorite beaux, they gaze affably on the grand crowd of masculine individuals that surrounds the door, not one of whom knows a lady present, and not one of whom but wishes he knew them all. However, 'a cat may look upon a king,' and we doubt not that ADAM after being kicked out of Paradise, frequently went and peeped longingly into the gate of that garden. So continue to gaze, O JONES, SMITH, and ROBINSON! and envy as you may the happy fellows who have had introductions.

'In the evening our ladies go to the French opera, (where the performance is a matter of secondary interest to the struggle of the spectators to out-do each other in richness of attire,) or to the theatres, or — it is a fact — to the circus, more tastefully termed the 'horse-opera,' which last is patronized to a greater extent in this city than any other place of amusement. Then comes supper, oysters and cold turkey, and they retire.

'But on Monday evenings the St. CHARLES is in its glory, for then comes off the weekly 'hop.' A hop is generally supposed to be a small and informal dancing party, at which the ordinary dinner dress may be worn with respectability.

'But as the ladies from Mississippi, and Tennessee, and Louisiana, and Kentucky, and Arkansas, and Milliken's Bend, and every other part of the world, have a large number of party dresses of amazing beauty and richness, and not a very great number of opportunities of displaying them, it so happens that our 'hops' at the St. CHARLES Hotel, are what in other places are denominated full-dress balls. Here you may see the celebrated Mrs. A —, whose first husband left her in possession of such an immense estate, accompanied by her niece, the lovely Miss A —, the belle of Alabama; the dashing and magnificent widow B —, whose four hundred bales a year are her least attraction; the exquisitely beautiful Mrs. C —, from 'the Coast,' whose charms of manner and conversation have made her the belle of the St. CHARLES; Mrs. D —, quiet but observing; pretty Miss E —, from Kentucky; lively Miss F —, the Philadelphia heiress; Mrs. G —, tall, stately, and always tastefully dressed; little Miss H —, with her hair done '*à la Chinoise*,' and her feet in the same style; the pretty Misses J —, Kentucky beauties; Miss K —, superbly dressed, whose dress-maker's bill is fifteen hundred dollars a year; Madame L —, the '*Admirable CRICHTON*' of the female sex, from Mobile; and so on through the alphabet, including all the wealth, fashion, beauty, and extravagance of the South.

'It was at one of these gay reunions that dear little Miss B —, one of the prettiest and best girls in the world, asked BUTTERFIELD, who stood sweltering in a corner, how he enjoyed himself.

'*'Hops'* replied that sage, 'have a soporific tendency, and I do mainly incline to sleep.'

'*'You look,'* said little Miss B —, 'as if a continuation of these hops would bring you to your bier.'

'AMOS acknowledged the malt by a cheerful guffaw, and looking down on his swelling form murmured, '*Larger,*' and subsided into an arm-chair.

'Annually at the St. CHARLES are given those grand dress balls, which have attained a Union-wide celebrity, and which are well worth travelling over the Union to attend.

'Three thousand invitations were issued to the grand ball of this season, and a more crowded, uncomfortable, or magnificent spectacle I never expect to witness. The large suite of rooms were crowded to excess by the most lovely, bewitching, and animated crowd that ever were assembled. Dancing was impossible, they could not do the schottisch, there was not room to pump arms. But it was a glorious spectacle, and so select. I observed among the masses on that gay occasion, the curvilinear proboscis of a well-known Hebrew, who supports himself and contributes to the happiness of mankind by selling shirts on Canal-street. He was enjoying himself greatly in a full flow of the finest spirits, when he suddenly '*paused in mid career,*' blanched, and his face assumed a fine expression of humility and confusion.

'Looking about for the cause of this appearance, I descried BUTTERFIELD gazing upon the victim with a highly virtuous and indignant glance. 'What are you looking at the man for?' said I; 'you do n't know him.'

'Do n't I?' said AMOS in a vindictive whisper; 'but I do though. Sells shirts, Sir; sold me a shirt without any —, well,' added he in modest confusion, 'when I came to examine it I found it was like HALLEY'S comet, or that fox that ÆSOP tells about after he got out of the trap.'

'You do n't tell me that,' said I.

'It's so,' replied BUTTERFIELD; 'look here,' and pulling me into a corner, he drew from the pocket of his vest a crumpled piece of paper, which thrusting into my hand he whispered, 'Read that,' and disappeared.

'I opened the paper and with some difficulty deciphered the following touching and beautiful

'LINES TO A NISRAELITE.'

'Oh! were we but alone, in some region wild and woody,
I'd like to punch your head, old SHYLOCK, Nazareth — dy.
A cambric shirt to me you once did make a sale of,
But when I took it home, I found you'd cut the — off;
Whether to make a cravat, or whether to wipe your nose, Sir,
I really do not know, but on me you did impose, Sir.
Like a man without a wife, like a ship without a sail, Sir,
The most useless thing in life, was that shirt without a —, Sir.
'Vell, it ish vary good,' old SHYLOCK, Nazareth — dy,
But I'd like to make you wear it, yes, indeed, Sir, would I.'

'The touching and plaintive character of this *morceau* affected me beyond description; it does, I think, great credit to BUTTERFIELD'S acknowledged poetical ability.

'I should say that there was a great deal of hospitality in New-Orleans, which (with some notable exceptions) appears to be graduated pretty closely to the number of bales of cotton annually shipped to that city, by the recipient.* As there are a vast number of strangers that do not ship cotton at all, and of course have a great deal of leisure time at their disposal, it follows that 'the Rotunda' of the St. CHARLES is pretty constantly filled. This 'Rotunda' forms the centre of the building; it contains about half-an-acre of tessellated floor, and is furnished with most comfortable, cushioned arm-chairs. Here, if you take a seat between the hours of eleven A.M. and two P.M., you will have the pleasure of seeing every white male inhabitant of New-Orleans, and the majority of those inhabitants of the whole United States that are worth knowing, and with whom you have acquaintance. They come and go, a constant panorama of familiar forms and faces.

'The origin of the word 'Rotunda' is singular, and not generally known. At the risk of appearing pedantic, I will 'norate' it. Many years ago, shortly after the foundation of Rome, a distinguished architect of those days, named CLAUDIUS VITELLIUS SMITHERS, erected the first building that ever was surmounted by a dome. This building was originally intended for a 'savings institution,' but the Roman that officiated as cashier having left with the funds, it was used successively as a market, dance-house, theatre, and Presbyterian meeting-house, and finally fell into decay and became a mere mass of ruin. Such it remained until the time of the Emperor ALEXANDER SEVERUS, when that monarch one day, accompanied by his courtiers, came down to examine the ruins, with a view to purchasing the lot on which they lay. Here the Emperor's eye was attracted by the fallen dome,

* Thus it has been sagely remarked, that a stranger in New-Orleans must give bale to be well received, and hence, when a resident of the city is observed to be peculiarly kind and attentive to a visitor, they are said 'to cotton' to each other.

which he gazed on with great curiosity, and finally picking his steps over the stones and rubbish that intervened, he found his way beneath it. The ancient Romans had the same partiality for cheap distinction that animates the modern Yankees; they lost no opportunity of leaving their autograph in all public and private places; the consequence was, that when the Emperor looked up he was amazed at the number of inscriptions that the interior of the old dome presented. It was quite black with ancient and respectable appellations. 'Ha!' said the Emperor ALEXANDER SEVERUS, with the air of a man that has made a great discovery, (and with an utter disregard of all grammatical rules,) '*It's been wrote under.*'

'His principal courtier, NASO SNEAKELLIUS, instantly repeated the remark, with sycophantic reverence to the by-standers, getting about as near it as that stupid official generally did to every thing: 'The Emperor,' he said, 'says that this has been a Rotunda. Hats off!'

'The Romans all bowed with great solemnity, not having the most dim or distant idea of the joke, and the interior of a dome from that day to this has been called a Rotunda.

I have not told you one-half of the greatness and magnificence of the 'St. CHARLES,' but I have nor time nor paper to continue. I can only add that it is a most agreeable place to pass the winter, that the proprietor is pleasant and attentive to his numerous families, (when he makes a fortune the St. CHARLES Hotel will make a great Haul,) and that any one who doubts that it is a delightful place of sojourn had better proceed there at once and have his mind set at rest, which can be done at small expense. Fain would I tell you of 'the St. LOUIS,' and of the theatres, and of the opera, and of the 'Boston Club,' (so called from the sanctity of appearance and dignified demeanor of its members, who are a right nice set of gentlemen, and hospitable to strangers, cotton or no cotton,) but as the man who had lost his watch said, 'I have no time.' The other wonders of New-Orleans for this present, must go unrecorded by this veracious historian, for he is compelled to dessicate.

'Adieu, KNICKERBOCKER! Should I write again, you will undoubtedly hear from me. Respectively yours,

JOHN PHENIX,
'Prof., etc.

'NOTE.—To the compositor — Young man! I did not say in my last letter I was going to 'the city of Cain.' I do n't know where that city is. I am not able to go to the city of Cain. Take your eye, Sir, and cast it over my MSS. and you will find for Cain, *Cairo*.

'Oh! Pea. S.: I was inexpressibly charmed by the beautiful compliment paid me in that 'Fable in Rhyme,' published in your April 'isew.' That about the 'braying' is particularly fine. Do n't you think, though, the author rather elaborated his subject to too great an extent; 'kinder drawed it aëout,' 'sorter;' made the print too fine for ordinary use? How about that? I think upon the whole, I shall continue to bray, after such a favorable notice from such a scientific and literary 'creetur,' who has evidently perused JOHNSON'S Dictionary right straight through, not even sticking at the mythology in the appendix. Give us another of '*them*,' old PLUTARCH; it's refreshing and instructive. What was that DOGBERRY wanted? I've got it, and am written down accordingly. If ever you see that man that invented the story of 'Damerum,' observing with a 'quadroon' and other 'chemical instruments,' you give my love to him, and offer him a choice of my three hats and four

caps. I have n't had as good a hearty laugh before for fourteen years as was occasioned by that anecdote. The author should give us 'more of his fun.' Adieu, old chap :

'It may be four years and it may be eleven,
KATHLEEN INAVOURNEEN,' etc.

JAY. PEA.'

'Good-by, JOHN,' for a 'few days' only. - - - WE sincerely regret to hear, this wintry day in the country, of the untimely death of Mr. W. H. LEVISON, the editor of the New-York '*Picayune*,' an illustrated weekly journal of constantly-increasing merit, both in its letter-press comicalities and its pictorial satires. It was this gazette in which appeared the '*Lectures of Professor Julius Cæsar Hannibal*;' a series of 'colored discourses,' which for originality, mother-wit, and a perfect command of the key to a negro's thoughts, and mode of expression, have never, to our knowledge, been surpassed. After his return from a European tour, two years since, in search of restoration from a disease which had begun somewhat to impair his physical condition, he collected these sketches, as far as they had advanced, into a handsome volume, which, as we are informed, like the journal which he edited, met with a wide sale. It was dedicated in a few brief but most kind words to the present writer. 'Few men,' says a contemporary, 'have surrounded themselves with a larger circle of warm friends, and very few indeed would be so regretfully missed as he. Mr. LEVISON expired at his residence, in Bleecker-street, the immediate cause of his death being disease of the kidneys. For some years past, however, he has suffered under a complication of disorders, sufficiently painful and harassing to have soured the temper of the most amiable of men; but he bore his afflictions with the most heroic fortitude and cheerfulness; sometimes making light of the very torture which racked his body, and compelling those around him to smile, even in the midst of the commiseration they sought to bestow upon him. Mr. LEVISON was a native of New-Jersey, and came to this city some twenty years ago.' We had the pleasure to meet Mr. LEVISON only on three occasions, and those merely casual; but his unobtrusive and modest bearing; his sensible, unforced conversation, and quiet genial humor, made a most favorable impression upon us. In his habits he was unexceptionable; and he is represented, by those who enjoyed his intimacy, to have been a good husband, a kind father, and an honest, liberal man. His reputation, let us add, as the author of the sable lectures referred to, was not confined to this country. Extracts from them were frequently to be met with in the English papers, and one at least of the popular London weeklies always copied them entire. We offer to his surviving family our sincere condolence with them in their sad bereavement. - - - '*The Yankee Jonathan*' hits off Yankeeedom with no little skill. Such brief sketches are worth five times as much, and make a far stronger impression upon the reader, than elaborate essays, such as '*The New-England Character Considered*;' '*Reflections upon the Intellectual and Moral Characteristics of the New-England States*;' or the like preface to labored dullness :

'IRVING tells us, in his History of New-York, that WILLIAM THE TESTY, in venting his rage at a certain set of Yankees, who had for some time been infringing on

the rights of the Dutch colony of New-Amsterdam, and had finally, through stratagem, obtained possession of Fort Good Hope, 'swore that he would have nothing more to do with such a squatting, bundling, guessing, questioning, swapping, pumpkin-eating, molasses-daubing, shingle-splitting, cider-watering, horse-jockeying, notion-peddling crew.' KETTEL also says: 'While the Yankees are themselves, they will hold their own, let politics twist about as they may. They are like cats: throw them up as you please, they will come down upon their feet. Shut their industry out from one course, and it will force itself into another. Dry up twenty sources of their prosperity, and they will open twenty more. They have a perseverance that will never languish while any thing remains to be tried: they have a resolution that will try any thing; and when a Yankee says, 'I'll try,' the thing is done.' So much for his character.

'I now propose to give a sketch of his juvenile history, and a description of his personal appearance, at different periods, from youth to manhood.

'We first make his acquaintance in the District-school. He was four years old in March; and his mother, tired of the trouble of watching him at home, thinks he will 'do to go to school this summer with sister JANE,' upon whom is imposed the task of 'seeing that he do n't get hurt.' Accordingly he is fitted out in a new suit of clothes, consisting of a coarse cotton shirt without collar or wrist-bands; a garment of blue cotton-drilling, serving for vest and trowsers; the upper part being like the waist of a gown, and the trowsers which are attached to this reaching just three inches below the knees: and the whole garment buttoning up behind: a calico apron and a palm-leaf hat. These four articles of apparel constitute the sum-total of his summer-dress for the next four years. In these habiliments, with a two-quart, covered tin pail, full of 'johnny-cake' for his dinner, in one hand, and a blue-covered, sheepskin-backed WEBSTER'S spelling-book in the other, he daily makes his appearance at the school-house at about half-past nine, and begins to question the teacher: 'M' I gwout?'—'M' I leave my seat?'—'M' I speak?' etc., until about half-past three, when he tops off with: 'M' I be dismissed?'—when he is so liberated.

'Between seven and eight, he drops off the upper part of the blue-drilling garment, above described, and suspends his trowsers by strings of the same material, which he calls 'galluses.' When he is about twelve, we see him at church, dressed in striped pantaloons, a trifle longer than those in which we first saw him at school; a calico vest, and a white spencer. His coarse shirt-collar is now starched stiff as tin, and tied with a black ribbon; and his mammoth feet are for the first time encased in a pair of cow-hide shoes, without stockings. He has also come into possession of a huge jack-knife, which seems to constitute a part of his very person, for he is never seen without it, and he never allows it to rest, cutting his long finger-nails and prying apart his teeth, when he can find nothing to whittle.

'At sixteen, he graduates from school, having done most of the sums in the 'rithmetic, and 'licked the master.' At twenty, we shall, perhaps, meet him at a circus in the very zenith of his glory. Yes: there he is; the identical JONATHAN, mounted on an antiquated cart, dealing out pins, needles, combs, brushes, suspenders, hose, thread, thimbles, buttons, jew's-harps, and tin-whistles. His dress now consists of a pair of wine-colored velvet pantaloons, much worn, the warp and lining of what was once a satin vest; and a linen coat, with a hole in each elbow. His linen is badly soiled, and his cravat, the black silk handkerchief his father gave him on leaving home, is tied in a sailor's-knot, and ornamented with a huge 'bezom-pin.' His boots of calf-skin have 'run over,' and are minus the original

black of the leather from which they were made. He is just six feet three inches in height, somewhat round-shouldered, and weighs one hundred and twenty-five pounds. His face is thin and freckled. He has a Roman nose, large mouth, small gray eyes, sunk deep in his forehead, and well shaded by long, red lashes. His hair is long, straight, thick, and — near his head — brown; but the extremity of his locks fades to a straw-color.

'P. S. — He soon after left New-England for the 'Great West,' where we understand he has succeeded in acquiring an immense fortune. He contemplates a visit to the 'home of his childhood' the present season, and we hope then to learn from himself the full history of his western life.'

A veritable Yankee 'human!' - - - THE *Imperial Photograph*, BRADY'S latest souvenir, has become a necessity. As a topic of conversation, it divides attention with the 'HERON' and the weather. You even hear it mentioned in the omnibus and in the street; in the corridors of the opera-house, and surreptitiously by pretty lips at church. If you are social, and venture out of an evening, you are beckoned by a graceful hand to the library to look at Papa's 'Imperial.' It is fearfully like; vindictively and obstinately paternal; and your flirtation is quenched as with the chill of damp napkins at dinner. SPRIGGINS invites you to dine with some quiet friends and pass judgment upon his 'Imperial,' one of BRADY'S *chef d'œuvres*. As it is not under the table, at the end of the dinner you corroborate the sentiment of the 'quiet friends,' that it is not at all like the original. As if the camera were expected to create an appetite for Madeira. But shade of the masters! how magnificent they are! What modelling! what effects! What glimpses of arrested thought! what subtle searching and minute expositors of the individual! There is BANCROFT. It does n't seem a portrait, but the living presence of the scholastic philosopher, beaming learning and large volumes of history. And WILLIS, the picturesque, bearded, *à la* VAN DYKE, as becometh the habitant of Arcadian Idlewild; and LOWELL, the auburn-haired and melodious; BRYANT, the patriarchal; DANA, the critical; VAN BUREN and BENTON, fragments of an age which has drifted away into history and recollection; NAPIER, serene, diplomatic, and undemonstrative, his lady and sons grouped with the grace of WINTERHALTER; and a host of others of lesser note. See the 'Imperial' by all means: it is one of the art-features of the age, and is attracting great attention. - - - PERHAPS we may all be 'flying kites,' more or less, in this multifarious, restless, busy world of ours; but from Cedar-Hill Cottage, two days ago, there arose a KITE, constructed by the writer hereof, the like of which has never been seen in the county of Rockland. It ascended, held by four large balls of strong twine, to the height of three thousand feet. It was a bow-and-point kite, with a scale-balanced tail. It arose from the 'stand-point' of the operator, and without diving, ducking, sidling, or any species of human prevarication, stood still only when it was 'brought-to,' over SNEEDEN'S Landing, by the Palisades, where JOHN VOORHEES, the best first fisherman on the Hudson, was at that moment securing the first Hudson River shad of the season, which, through his kindness, regaled 'the family' and a friend next morning at breakfast.

(*'Thanks,' JOHN, 'and acceptance bounteous!'* The *'whirligig of TIME shall bring about our revenges.'*) But the little folk!—how they *did* enjoy it! The small boys of *'The Hill'* were in great force, and were unanimous in their shouts and shrieks of approbation: but there was not a happier or more self-satisfied personage among them—not even excepting the little FIVE-YEAR-OLD, who kept reflecting upon *himself* the glory of *'Füder's kite'*—than the constructor of that successful navigator of the air, when it was safely wound down, not a red paper-ornament erased nor a blue star obscured, and deposited in a closet adjoining the sanctum. *'Due notice will be given of its second appearance.'* - - - It rejoiced the very cockles of our heart to meet, the other morning, in our town-sanctum, the gleaming face, radiating friendship and genuine feeling, of our old friend Mr. DEMPSTER, the eminent and always (and increasingly) popular Scottish vocalist. For near a twelve-month he has been abroad, residing, for the most part, in London. A trip to Farringford, Fresh Water, Isle of Wight, on a visit to TENNYSON, with whom he spent several days at his charming residence, and to whom, while sojourning with him and his delightful family, he sang the *'May-Queen'* with such acceptance, that the poet declared that he had *'never known, until then, how much pathos there was in his theme, and in its treatment:'* this brief visit, and a short trip to Scotland and Paris, constituted Mr. DEMPSTER's *'wanderings'* from the Great Metropolis. It was soon arranged that he was to accompany us to *'Cedar-Hill Cottage'* the same afternoon. We were a little too late for our usual steamer, but landed from another staunch craft at Irvington; and *'by the light of the moon,'* with the Tappaän-Zee as smooth as glass, we were rowed o'er the ferry, leaving *'Sunny-side'* sleeping amidst its then leafless trees directly behind us. That was a night to be remembered! About mid-way across, the boatman suddenly rested upon his oars; DEMPSTER, at our request, was singing *'Highland Mary,'* and *'My Nannie O';* and over the *perfectly* still, moon-lit water, the shores were taking up the soft, musical echoes, *'lingering as loth to die';* the old *'Hook-Mountain,'* meantime, throwing its gigantic shadow into the wave below. Then the boatman bent to his oars again; and the genial vocalist told us how and where he lived while in London; in Euston-Square, near *'Tavistock House,'* Tavistock-Square, the residence of CHARLES DICKENS: how, remembering that ten years before, he had taken a letter of introduction from us to DICKENS, when he was residing on the continent, he suddenly bethought him that he would send it, with his card; how he had the pleasure at once to meet the popular novelist; to dine with him amidst his attractive and talented family. Then we spake of Mr. and Mrs. DICKENS dining with *'Old KNICK'* and *'his';* what time there sat at the same table WASHINGTON IRVING, BRYANT, HALLECK, *'JOHN WATERS,'* Dr. WAINWRIGHT, HENRY BREVOORT, HENRY INMAN, S. D. DAKIN, DAVID GRAHAM—and their compeers: alas! how many of them have since passed away! But let us not dwell upon these reminiscences, *'pleasant, yet mournful to the soul.'* Only this in conclusion: go and hear DEMPSTER, whensoever and wheresoever there may occur the opportunity. He never sang better his

old favorites with the public ; never was in better voice ; and he has certain new things in his *repertoire*, which, while they cannot lessen the admiration for his current melodies, will still add to his established reputation as a singer and a composer. - - - WE very cordially greet our Friend 'EBEN NEEZER,' of 'Brotherly Love.' Would he like to behold our 'Patent Back-Movement Self-Acting Hen-Persuader?' If yea, a drawing shall be forwarded to him. The original is now 'on view' at 'KNICKERBOCKER Hall,' Piermont, Rockland County, for which region Captain FOLGER is every day selling patents :

'Philadelphia, 4th Month, 1st, 1857.

'FRIEND CLARK : Knowing the lively interest thee takes in matters appertaining to poultry, and that it has even awakened thy attention so far as to originate a 'Patent Hen-Persuader,' inducing the good Dame Partlets to renewed exertions in their peculiar sphere of usefulness, I have thought it incumbent on me to inform thee of a certain affair, egg-selling, and very excellent in humor, which took place not long since in this good city. Thee knows, doubtless, how much we rejoice in the extent of our market, giving to its almost especial use the finest street in our city ; appropriating its body for the length of a mile, and one of its legs for a much farther distance, to agriculture, and leaving commerce to struggle through old carts, wagons, and cumbrous market-houses as best it may, so I need not dwell on this point.

'Now, in the spirit of kindness and charitableness, we have, by so naming it, given up to the oppressed natives of a neighboring country, a Jersey market, and in this, 'in season,' all delicacies of the table are to be found. I could make thy mouth water by enumerating a few, but believing that thee may not care for my reducing thee to such a state, I forego.

'There sits, owing to our chair-a-table-ness, and her ability to pay rent in the aforesaid market, a comely female huckster, dealing in poultry, game, and fine vegetables, who is especially noted for bringing the freshest, whitest eggs, always commanding the best and highest price. It so happened that friend BROWN, who is in business in Market-street, took sick some time since, with the Hen Fever, and went through all the stages, or coops, of Shanghais, Chittagongs, Burrampooters, Polanders, Dorkings, coming to a crisis with the purchase of an Eccaleobion (does thee think I spell this word right?) or Egg-Hatching Machine, and which after purchase, was duly set up in the cellar of his store, and prepared to go into operation as soon as friend BROWN saw fit, which was immediately. Of all friend BROWN's friends, none was so earnest a friend as friend SMITH, especially in the matter of this Egg-Hatching Machine : he would run in several times per diem to note progress, and finally when completed, naturally recommended friend BROWN to go at once to the comely female huckster in Jersey market, and procure a plentiful supply of those fresh white eggs. Friend BROWN went, secured all the huckster had, and obtained the refusal of a few dozen more. Friend SMITH was, to use an expression of my daughter SALLY, who associates with world's people, 'perfectly charmed' on hearing this ; he assisted friend BROWN in placing the eggs carefully in the machine ; he watched the thermometer assiduously ; day after day paying repeated visits. One morning, on coming up from the cellar, there was a cloud on his brow : friend BROWN noted it.

'Why, JACOB !' said friend BROWN to him ; 'what is the matter with thee ? Thee looks discontented.'

‘‘Ah! JAMES,’ answered friend SMITH, ‘I begin to have doubts.’

‘‘What *does* thee doubt?’ inquired friend BROWN.

‘‘The ability of thy Egg-Hatcher! Five days have I watched the eggs, and I do not note any symptoms of the chickens coming into the world.’

‘‘Thee is impatient, JACOB; thee surely knows that eggs won’t hatch in five days.’

‘‘Yes, yes!’ answered friend SMITH. ‘But there should be symptoms. I tell thee candidly, I have no faith in thy Egg-Hatcher.’ Then speaking out earnestly: ‘I don’t believe one of the eggs will hatch, not one! I am sure of it, so sure that — I see thee needs a new hat — well, I will give *thee* a new hat if one of those eggs hatch, on condition thee gives *me* one if they do not. Does thee comprehend?’

‘‘I do, JACOB,’ said friend BROWN, ‘and I foresee that thee will have to give me a new hat, I foresee it.’

‘Friend SMITH agreed to wait until a certain time, so as to give the eggs a fair chance, and went his way rejoicing; feeling so elevated at the thought of obtaining a new hat, that he already had determined to give his old one to the porter in his store.

‘Why was he so certain?’

‘A few weeks before friend BROWN came to a crisis with the Egg-Hatching Machine, friend SMITH had learned from the comely huckster in the market that in order to insure her hens laying eggs regularly, she penned up the hens *by themselves*; and friend SMITH knew enough about hens to know that though they would lay eggs under these circumstances, yet that these eggs, needing the vital principle, never would hatch! and being fond of fun, as well as greedy of having a new hat, he had laid a long train solely to attain this end; had appeared interested in the Egg-Hatcher, tended it, recommended friend BROWN to buy these particular eggs, and — now he was waiting for the hat. But the excellence of the joke seemed so great in his eyes, that he could not forbear telling friend SIMMS all the particulars, by a great oversight neglecting to enjoin secrecy on friend SIMMS, who was so much rejoiced by this latter, that he went at once to friend BROWN of the Egg-hatcher, and told him the whole story. Friend BROWN laughed very hard, but toward evening might have been seen buying eggs of a countryman, who was n’t acquainted with the ‘seclusive system.’ These eggs friend BROWN substituted for the ones purchased from the female huckster, and said nothing.

‘Friend SMITH waited for the appointed time, and then claimed the hat: friend BROWN begged for three days’ grace, which was granted very cheerfully. At the expiration of the three days, he called again. Friend BROWN invited him to come down in the cellar: down he went, hearing all the way certain ‘pseep, pseep-ings’ that he did n’t like at all, and at last saw four new-hatched chickens.

‘‘Friend BROWN,’ said he, ‘thee can take the hat!’ And at once handed over a five-dollar bill, walked up-stairs, and as he passed the female huckster in the market, on the way to his store, muttered: ‘THERE IS A HUMBUG WITH THY HEN NUNNERY!’

Thine,

EBEN NEEZER.’

Will Friend EBEN NEEZER write yet again? - - - MAY we say to the lady, or coterie of ladies, who wrote the ‘*Woman’s Report to the Legislature of Michigan, praying the Privilege of the Elective Franchise*,’ that portions of that paper (‘Senate Doc., No. 27’) are slightly ‘highfalutinated?’ For example: ‘The wings of the press are weaving their undulations with outward vigor, but less of inward current, when shorn of the vitalizing sanc-

tuns of a SWISSHELM or a BLOOMER.' The '*itinerant lore* which the lecturing of these latter days is spreading broad cast throughout our intelligent land, invigorating its logic, and beautifying its rhetoric,' is also a 'strong-minded' sentence. Mr. BRYANT would hardly recognize his noble figure, so highly 'burnished' is it by 'light' and 'friction': 'The light of truth never wanes by contact with error: crushed to earth, she rises again, burnished with the friction of conflict.' The report closes as follows: 'Let Michigan surrender all the legal disabilities which encumber her dignity as a State. Then, like the refreshing exhalations which invest the sea, spreading like clouds of prolific wing over the territory of animate life, and shedding their genial dews to irrigate and enrich the mind, the 'better half' of nature will rise like morning incense to immortalize the perpetuity of Michigan's proud fame!' Woman has many wrongs, which ought to be redressed, and with these we sympathize: but save us from petticoat-politicians! We have old women enough in office now, in all conscience, and we have no desire to see the number increased. - - - We observe that at the One Hundred and Third Session of the Society of Science and Art in London, the '*Nautilus*' Sub-Marine Explorer, recently noticed in these pages, was the theme of the meeting. Major SEARS, of the United States read the 'Paper' of the evening, '*On Appliances for Facilitating Sub-marine Engineering and Exploration*,' in which all the improvements and capabilities of the new invention were succinctly set forth. In the London '*Journal of the Society of Arts and of the Institutions in Union*,' now before, two excellent engravings appear of '*The Nautilus*,' sectionally and entire. In the discussion which ensued, Sir JOHN RENNIE, F.R.S., Sir CHARLES FOX, Mr. FREDERICK LAWRENCE, Mr. FRASER, Mr. JOHN BETHELL, Mr. NEWTON, the Chairman, JOHN HAWKSHAW, F.R.S., took part; the objections to the invention seeming to come almost solely from those who had diving inventions of their own, which it was evident they were very much afraid might be superseded. All objections, at large, or in detail, were triumphantly answered and set aside by Major SEARS, who said in conclusion: 'That in all his statements he had asked the Society to take nothing upon trust, for he was prepared to verify every word that he had uttered, by reference to practical operations, to be performed by a large machine, shortly to be placed in the VICTORIA DOCKS, where he hoped that all who were skeptical as to its merits would practically test its operations. The Society, of which Prince ALBERT is President, passed a vote of thanks to Major SEARS, and the meeting was adjourned until the occasion of the proposed experiments, at which they were to be present in a body. - - - THAT is a 'smaärt man' who sends '*The First Locomotive*' to the old '*Spirit of the Times*,' as a 'communication' from '*The Chicago Magazine*!' That article was written for, and published in, this Magazine years ago. It was responded to in these pages by WASHINGTON IRVING, and has been copied from, and credited to, the KNICKERBOCKER, in almost every journal in the United States. Good 'literary speculation' that! TRUTH doesn't require to 'put on boots' in this case, while FALSEHOOD is escaping. TRUTH has been too long ahead!

So don't do it again, 'that's all.' - - - THE subjoined politico-literary 'gem,' written by an 'Alderman of the Fifth Ward' of Dubuque, Iowa, in vindication of his course upon some question that affected a portion of his constituency, and for which they respectfully requested him to resign; a request, in the compliance with which, 'some how or 'nother he did n't seem to take no interest.' The letter embodies, we think, a forcible denial of that oft-repeated slander upon our conglomerate rulers, that those most eminently qualified for the public service, cannot be elected to office:

'REPLY TO THE CITIZENS OF DUBUQUE IN THE FIFTH WARD OF SAID CITY. — Where in the is a Charge agenst me mate by Som Settlers in said ward I, for mey Part, I, Can not Say rother the ar Citteneens or not but agreed deal the have to say in regard of mey aldermanShip in said ward, I must say all those folk which the ar duing Dus not amount to one Cens worth becose the Bitision which was got up agenst me was mate oup alltogether in Beer Shobs and Groceres what can wee expict out of any such Betisners which has shyend said Betision at the same time the Betisners may go to heven before I. resigen mey Office unless its sudes mey helf

'Also th due not know what the ar them sheaelfs Democrats Repoareckans Know nothings or what Soveer

'I for my part I shall not take aney notice of tham here after or what soever al do at th Same time I. have 8 vots above the megerety yeat in said woard according to the Election Last August 1856

'with regard to the first charge I, have to Say that I, heve never at any time made un unconditional promise to Alderman HAM or any other persan haw I, Shuld an that question when it Should Came up for finel action A) I have Votted free Conviction and have Broken no pladas.

'B) I have not Ben influend by any one of mey Canitions right and duty

'2., with regard the 2th charge I. have to State that I never understood it to be aney thing but a temporary horse Real Road until it was Remonsratet agenst at the Succeding of the City Board

'with regard to the 3th charge I dany to to, ever in any instance to have Disregarded the wishes of any constituents when faintly x pressed

'(4 Sir I. must Close my riding I du not wish to Say anything on the subchegd

I remane your Respectful

Cititean Alderman

G. CHARLES KRIECHBAUM,
of the fifth Woard.'

'CHERLES' is a trump: he knows what 'possession' in law is, and he is going to 'stick it out.' If the Municipal Council of Dubuque do n't know when they have secured a good officer, that is *their* fault: 'CHERLES' knows when he has secured a good place, at all events. - - - THE following musical '*Song*' is from '*Zaidee*,' an unpublished Drama, by ISAAC MACLELLAN, Esq.:

'WITH polished helm and tossing plume,
My prince upon his war-horse rides;
With broidered scarf and jewelled belt,
With bow and quiver full of reeds.
A burnished lance is in his hand;
A crooked sabre at his side;
And pale the robber grows that sees
My prince across the desert ride!

'Happy he rests 'neath palm-trees' shade,
By gushing fount or plashing rill;
Or by some murmuring plantain grove,
Where glancing birds their measures trill:

Or rests where orange blooms dispense
 Their odors o'er the Indian's tent;
 Where lutes are touched, and happy songs
 Enchant the air with merriment.

This has been three months in type. - - - '*The Churchman's Monthly Magazine*,' published in this city, well sustains its reputation as an instructive and agreeable original and selected Miscellany. Among the original articles in the number now before us, we find a pleasant gossiping '*Letter from Abroad*,' from which we take a paragraph, occurring in the writer's description of his visit to 'Ould Erin,' with which, by the way, he seems greatly pleased:

'EVERY day makes us better pleased with Dublin. There is a life and effervescence about it that I never enjoyed in any other city. This arises, I suppose, from the fact that you do not see people all intent on business. Every day seems like a holiday, every body dressed in their best, and intent on pleasure. You would never know from the physiognomy of the upper classes that you were in the Emerald Isle. The men are fine, fresh looking, and intelligent; the ladies are, as a class, the most beautiful in form and feature I have ever seen. They are not stunted in growth and deformed by artificial appliances; but have the perpetual bloom of health upon their cheeks; lips of ruby redness. But enough of the Irish ladies. I dare not say more.'

'I must tell you of an excursion we took on Wednesday of last week, to the vale of Avoca, made famous by the song of Moore. To visit this charming spot, we travelled by rail to the town of Wicklow, about thirty miles south of Dublin. And we took the mail-coach, a very convenient vehicle for those wishing to see the country, being arranged to carry eight or twelve on the outside, and only four inside. The town of Wicklow is a fair sample of all the old towns in Ireland. The streets are narrow, crooked, and dark; the houses are built either of mud or stone; some tiled, and others 'shingled *mit* straw'; gin-shops, groups of idlers in rags and tatters, filthy urchins, and children without number, wallowing in the dirt, make up the landscape of the town. But we are soon out of it, and the country, smiling with the growing crops, and herds well-pastured, greets us. The county of Wicklow is said to be one of the finest in Ireland, not only for productiveness, but for beauty of scenery. There was nothing very remarkable in the landscape until we left Arklow, a twin-brother of Wicklow, twelve miles farther south. Here we left the mail-coach, lunched, and took a private conveyance to drive through the vale of Avoca. And here I might as well stop, for to attempt to give you any idea of the beauty of this drive of seventeen miles, I dare not. Had I the words to paint it, and the poetic taste and feeling to select them with justice to the subject, I might give you a sketch; but then it would only *suggest* the beauties which it could not *represent*, and make you unhappy with longings to see the original. There was nothing to lessen our pleasure or to interrupt the beauty of the scene; no rough roads, no tree-stumps, no saw-mills, no steam factories, nothing to grate upon the ear, or to offend the eye. And this was the charm of the landscape, its perfection. Like one of COLE's beautiful pictures, his '*Dream of Arcadia*,' for example, it was a realization of the ideal in nature.'

'Deferred' from our March number. - - - SEVERAL years since, when we were a mere boy, we well remember a series of brief newspaper-stories, which 'went the rounds of the PRESS,' as it was then termed: a 'press,' however, at that time, was quite different from what it is *now*, known as '*The American Press*.' These stories were published at intervals, in a paper called '*The Trenton Emporium*;' and were from the pen of STACY G. POTTS, Esq., of Trenton, New-Jersey, whose acquaintance, previous to his subsequent extensive travels in Europe, we had the pleasure to make. We are reminded of these simple, unpremeditated sketches from real life, by the subjoined communication. That it is not merely a sentimental narrative; that it has nothing 'stagey' in its details; we hope we need not assure the reader: yet we may say, that every incident, *all* the details, to the minutest particular, are authentic. Even the *names* are given to us in

the communication from which we quote. And certain we are, that simple as it is, it will touch a chord in *some* human heart :

'The Widow Leedom's Last Loaf.'

'CALM and deep peace in this wide air,
These leaves that redden to the fall ;
And in one heart, if calm at all,
If any calm, a calm despair.

"Calm on the seas, and silver sleep
And waves that sway themselves in rest,
And dead calm in that noble breast,
Which heaves but with the heaving deep.' — TENNYSON.

'It was evening — a beautiful autumn evening. The red leaves yet danced, rejoicing in the mild air ; the yellow sun-shine yet gilded the hill-tops, and the soft shadows were creeping silently up the valley, as the gentle widow LEEDOM, with her child in her arms, wended her way homeward. She was tired, for she had toiled all day in Farmer Wood's kitchen, and though it was Saturday evening, she had not been paid for her labor. The kind-hearted house-maid at Farmer Wood's had urged her to wait for her supper, but she thought of her hungry little ones at home, and she could not stay. She had no eye for the glory of that superb October sun-set as she walked wearily on, her tired arms scarcely able to hold the little joyous creature that laughed and crowed, and ever and anon peered into her bonnet, lisping his sweet-toned 'mamma, mamma.' She thought only of her expectant little ones, and the means of obtaining bread for them to last over Sunday. As she neared the village, she seemed irresolute whether to enter it or pass on ; but a vision of her lonely, fasting children, rose up before her in imagination, and she stopped, her lips moved a moment or two as if in prayer, and then quickening her step, and hurrying on like one who has nerved herself to a sudden resolution, she turned into the main street, and was soon standing before the counter of the baker's shop. The baker was an austere man, but it was not in human nature to resist the widow's pleading tone and touching expression as she falteringly asked him to trust her to a loaf of bread for a day or two. The man handed the loaf reluctantly, and was about to insist on prompt payment, when a glance at the widow's painfully flushed face and embarrassed manner deterred him. With scarcely audible thanks she concealed the loaf under her tattered shawl, and drawing her babe closer to her bosom, hastened home.

"Mother's come ! mother's come !" cried a couple of young, eager voices, as she entered the gate, and her seven-year-old ROBERT and his little sister came running to meet her. They were pretty children. The little MARY inherited her mother's mild blue eyes and delicate complexion, and the boy his father's handsome face and honest brown eyes. Poor children, they were accustomed to being left alone, for the widow went out to work daily, and the night was always welcome that brought their mother's loved return. They had a thousand things to ask and tell which fell unheeded this time on the ear of the sad mother, though she instinctively answered them yes and no as occasion required. She gave the loaf to ROBERT, and taking little MARY'S hand, they entered the house together. The table was already set out by the little expectant house-keepers, but there was nothing on it that could be construed into any thing eatable save a cup of molasses and some salt. The mother cut a slice of bread for each of her half-famished children, and sat quietly by nursing the youngest while they ate it, for she had no heart

to eat herself. She was very sorrowful as she looked at those little dependent beings, and thought of her failing strength, and shading her eyes with her hand, the tears stole silently down her pale, patient face and fell among the bright curls of the little unconscious head pillowed so peacefully on her bosom. She had been sorely afflicted. The husband of her youth had been stricken down by a falling beam while attempting to save a sick child, that had been overlooked in the hurry and panic, from a burning building. The child was saved, but he who perilled his life for it, the strong, brave-hearted man had perished. The fruit of this union, her eldest-born, her pride of heart, the noble boy whose every movement and expression had been so many similes of his buried father, was a wanderer she knew not whither.

'Years after the boy had left her, when ROBERT LEEDOM came often to see her in her loneliness, and ventured to tell her at length how he had loved her from the time they had played together at school, and how he had remained single for her sake, and came back always to the same old port that he might breathe again the same air that she breathed, and besought her to let him sustain and shield her, to comfort her in sickness and sorrow, she gladdened the honest sailor's faithful heart by consenting to become his wife. No wonder the young sailor loved her, she was so neat in her habits, so gentle and industrious; and her calm, sweet face and holy eyes shone ever with 'the beauty that dwelt in her soul.' She had learned to love her second husband, and had borne him three fair children, when the sad news came that the gallant vessel in which he had sailed was wrecked on the dangerous coast near Absecomb, and in his generous efforts to save others, ROBERT LEEDOM was lost. She had been a widow the second time only six months, and now, as she thought of her utter inability to support her fatherless children, even in the summer-time, and saw no other prospect before her whichever way she looked, and knew that the cold, drear winter was coming gradually on, her heart failed her utterly, and she could only weep. The wondering little ones tried by every endearing art they could think of to attract her attention, but in vain. Impressed by their mother's mournful mood, they ate their bread almost in silence; and when they had finished, she arose mechanically, and laying her babe in its cradle, put them to bed. She heard them their prayers, and bade good night, and GOD bless them, carefully and tenderly as usual, but with that subdued, spiritless tone that emanates from a heart without hope. She continued kneeling by their bed-side long after she had prayed with them, and wept. Bitterly she wept, but there was no pitying eye to see now, no tender hand to caress, no loving voice to soothe, as the cry from her overburdened, despairing heart, 'My God, my God, why hast THOU forsaken me?' went up over the unconscious heads of the sleepers in that hour of agony. No pitying eye did I say? The EYE that never slumbers nor sleeps was there; the loving kindness that has said, 'I will be a FATHER to the fatherless,' was about her even then, though she knew it not. In the power of the SPIRIT came the blessed assurance, in answer to her despairing cry, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee;' and her soul grew calm, all her old trusting faith returned, and she arose from her knees tranquilly, feeling that 'the LORD is a very present help in time of trouble.' She took down the little worn Bible from the mantel, and as she read on through the closing chapters of St. JOHN, an expression of peace ineffable, 'the peace that passeth understanding,' settled serenely on her sweet face. Putting the Bible reverently back, she took some mending from her basket, and soon the clear tones of a hymn sounded through the stillness of the little cottage; and 'How firm a foundation,' etc., when pealed from lordly organ, and echoed through vaulted

dome, never ascended more acceptably to 'HIM who sitteth on the great white throne.'

'But other eyes beside the ALL-SEEING had been looking in through the low casement at the lonely sufferer, and now the sweet tones of the holy hymn were interrupted by a knock at the door. The widow opened it and saw before her a weary, travel-stained man, who asked only for a crust of bread and a sup of water. The widow glanced at the loaf which still lay on the table, and then at the sleeping children, and hesitated, but only for a moment; there was something in the tone of the stranger's voice that came gratefully to her soul as the breath of spring over violets, and she thought of her own beloved boy asking for charity in some distant land, and she hastened to place a chair and reach him the loaf, trusting to HIM 'who causeth it to rain on the earth where no man is, to satisfy the desolate and waste ground,' for her orphans.

"My mother! my own precious mother!" cried the familiar voice, in broken tones, and springing forward, she was caught and strained to the beating heart of her long-lost son. 'My son, my son!' she could only murmur, while he exclaimed: 'I am rich, my mother, I have plenty for us all; I have been to California, and have come back rich beyond all I ever hoped or dreamed of — my poor famishing mother! I am just in time — thank GOD! thank GOD!' and mother and son knelt together in one glad, earnest prayer of thanksgiving.

M. E. T.

Truth, yet 'strange as fiction.' - - - THE third number of the COSMOPOLITAN ART JOURNAL is the best that has yet appeared. It contains a number of fine illustrations, with a variety of interesting matter. If it were issued sooner after the distribution, and the Magazines sent more promptly to the subscribers, it would save much complaint. We had *eight* pages of 'Gossip and Literary Record prepared and ready: embracing many 'good things' from correspondents, which fortunately will keep; together with Reminiscences of the late Reverend DERRICK C. LANSING; notices of our friends TICKNOR AND FIELDS' most superb and reasonably-priced editions of the '*Household Waverley Novels*,' and LONGFELLOW's 'Prose and Poetical Works;' ELLIOTT's carefully-prepared and extremely interesting History of New-England; CALVERT VAUX's 'Villas and Cottages;' SARGENT's 'Arctic Voyages;' REED's 'British Poets;' MOORE's 'Songs and Ballads of the American Revolution;' 'The Days of my Life;' MACAULAY's 'Biographical and Historical Sketches;' SHEELAH's 'Bannysan Castle;' 'Illinois as It Is;' 'Brittany and La Vendée;' 'Greece and the Greeks;' 'Scampavias;' BARRY CORNWALL's Dramatic Poems; 'About Right and Wrong;' (one of those Books for the Young, published by the HARPERS, that deserve to be printed 'in letters of gold, with pictures of silver;') MRS. LEE HENTZ's 'Love After Marriage;' OLE BULL's, the SCHMEISERS', and MISS MARIA S. BRAINERD's Concerts; 'New Biographies,' etc. 'Record,' with 'additaments' of all these, are preserved for our June number.